

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The Senate investigation on lobbying went somewhat far afield, and in the discussion on Prohibition more heat was produced than light. Senators

Lobbying  
and Prohibition

Robinson, of Indiana, and Caraway, of Arkansas, took the lead in examining Mr. Henry H. Curran, president of an association formed to urge repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Curran was questioned as to the habit of his association of accepting Negroes as members, and on his opinion on the propriety of armed revolt against the Volstead Act. The witness agreed as to the Negroes, and in respect to revolt, said he would cross that bridge when he came to it. On April 19, Mr. George W. Wickersham addressed the American Society of Newspaper Editors in convention at Washington. His speech was a plea for complete obedience to the Volstead Act, but as to the desirability of repeal of the Amendment or modification of the Act, he would express no opinion. On April 23, the House Judiciary Committee resumed its hearings on Prohibition, and on the same day 400 women met in Cleveland, under the lead of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, of New York, to form an anti-Prohibition Association.

On April 19, the conferees on the tariff bill completed the work of adjusting rate differences. More than 1,200

items were in dispute. Senator Smoot announced that the conferees would not reopen the question of schedules, but would proceed at once to discuss the administrative provisions of the bill. This he thought might be completed within a week, so that the initial conference report would be ready for consideration by Congress on May 1.

In a letter addressed, on April 22, to Senator Jones, chairman of the Senate Appropriation Committee, and Representative Wood, chairman of the corresponding committee in the House, the President forecast a deficit of some \$20,000,000 next year. He had previously predicted a surplus. Referring to bills already passed by Congress, or favorably reported, the President said that the deficit might easily reach fifteen times the sum stated in the revised Treasury report. The President did not state what bill or bills he had in mind, and in response to an inquiry on the floor by Senator Borah, Senator Jones said he was not able to give any information.

The Senate Judiciary Committee on April 21 rejected the appointment of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court by a vote of ten to six. This action came as a surprise, since it had been thought that the Committee would report the appointment, and then allow the issue to be fought out on the floor of the Senate. It was understood that the President would decline to withdraw the appointment.

On April 19, a revolt broke out in the Rhode Island State Prison at Howard. Two outside gunmen, posing as visitors, smuggled weapons into the prison, and then joined the inmates as they endeavored to shoot their way out. The revolt was quelled after an hour's fighting, which resulted in the death of two convicts, the wounding of two others, and the wounding of a prison guard.—On April 22, a disastrous fire broke out in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus, causing the death of 317 convicts. Nearly 250 were removed to the hospital, some suffering from injuries deemed fatal. The cause of the fire was not determined, but there were indications of incendiarism on part of a group of convicts. Governor Cooper at once directed the attorney general of the State to begin an investigation. It was disclosed that this institution was harboring more than 4,000 prisoners, although designed for only 1,900.

**Austria.**—Speculation and rumor were aroused by the resignation of Msgr. Ignaz Seipel, former Chancellor of

Austria, from the position of chairman of the Christian Social party. Although it was well known that Msgr. Seipel has not been in good health for many years, this was not generally accepted as the reason for his action. But while rumor attributed the retirement of the priest-statesman to various political motives, even the opponents of the ex-Chancellor recalled the many great achievements which are marked indelibly to his credit. It was stated that the Socialist leaders were glad to see Msgr. Seipel resign, even though they expected no more from his retirement than a breathing space, because grave danger was said to exist of the desertion of the discontented Left Wing of the party to the ranks of Communism. This would react to Austria's disadvantage as well as to that of the Socialists. Newspapers endorsed the suggestion that Chancellor Schober should form a party of his own on a purely economic program.

**Brazil.**—On Good Friday, at the age of eighty, Cardinal Joaquin de Arcoverde de Albuquerque, Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, passed way. The Apostolic Nuncio, Msgr. Benedetto Masella, and five Bishops were at his bedside when the end came. Archbishop Arcoverde became the first South American Cardinal, having been created by Pope Pius X at the secret Consistory in 1905. A State funeral was given him, and President Washington Luis and other Government officials and foreign diplomats called at the palace to express their sympathy after his death.

**Czechoslovakia.**—The heavy agricultural crisis and the accompanying depression in industry and trade were met with various small compromise measures on the part of the Government. Difficulty, however, was found in maintaining the interests of producers, especially agricultural, against those of the consumers. The foreign-trade balance continued to show a surplus: for the first two months of 1930 amounting to 225,235,000 crowns. Boot and shoe exports attained in 1929 a value of over 908,000,000 crowns, as against 901,000,000 in 1928. The chief customers were Germany and the United States, the exports to the latter country totaling 157,400,000 crowns in 1928 and 377,300,000 in 1929 and thus making good the decline in the exports to meet other countries.

**Germany.**—Two police officers and one young Communist were killed and nine persons were seriously injured as a result of a clash which marked the "Red Youth Day" celebration held at Leipzig on Easter Sunday. It was estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 young Communists from all sections of the Reich took part in the demonstration. At this fifth annual gathering, representatives of the Proletariat Youth protested against the Young plan, the bourgeois Government, the Social Democrats and many other institutions. The police did not interfere until the Communists overturned an automobile

that attempted to pass through the crowds. The Reich's criminal police arrested all the youths returning from Leipzig carrying arms and lacking identification papers.

**Great Britain.**—Resolutions condemning the financial policy of the Labor Government were passed by the Conference of the Independent Labor Party held at Birmingham on April 19. The Chairman of the Conference was James Maxton, leader of the "rebels," or left-wing, of the Laborites in the House of Commons. Because of the continued criticism of his policies in the House by the radical wing, Premier MacDonald, some months ago, resigned from the Independent Labor Party. Philip Snowden and other members of the Government also sent in their resignations. The Independent group numbers about two-thirds of the Labor representation in Parliament; but not all of these are in active cooperation with Mr. Maxton's extremists. The slogan of the Conference was that of "Socialism in our time," rather than a vague ideal of Socialism as a political philosophy. The main attack on the MacDonald Government was based on the claim that the Government should have gone further in the taxation of large incomes.

**India.**—Contrary to Mahatma Gandhi's desires and warnings, his campaign of non-violent, civil disobedience developed into one of bloodshed and riotings. In some cases, the violence was started by groups of the more fiery Nationalists; in other cases, it naturally flared up through police interference at the Nationalist demonstrations. Following the riots recorded last week, there were outbreaks throughout the four corners of India. That at Calcutta resulted in several deaths of Nationalists and British. At Madras, 50,000 people taking part in a demonstration of civil disobedience were dispersed by the police, but not before some fighting took place. Though no new disturbances occurred in the Bombay area, the feeling continued agitated. To the north, at Karachi, the police fired on a mob of 10,000; the demonstrators injured some of the police and destroyed property. Farther to the north, in the interior, at Peshawur, more than twenty volunteers were killed, as were a few police and soldiers. The most overt act of the Nationalists was an attack by about one hundred raiders on the police barracks and armory at Chittagong, on the Gulf of Bengal. Nine casualties were reported; British Gurkha troops from Calcutta were in pursuit of the raiders.

The demonstrations were partly protests against the arrests of the Nationalist leaders and partly a carrying-out of the program of civil disobedience. The violation of the salt laws was more widespread and flaunted; the campaign against foreign cloth was also more intense; the picketing of liquor shops and the program of abstinence from alcoholic drink was carried on mostly through the women under the leadership of Mrs. Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi remained at liberty, and expressed surprise over that fact. He has created a problem for the British

Msgr. Seipel  
Resigns

Labor  
Differences

Archbishop  
Arcoverde  
Dies

Economic  
Situation

Communist  
Demonstration

British  
Action on  
Civil  
Disobedience



authorities, for his arrest, it would seem, would signalize him as a martyr and would thus become an incitement to rioting and demonstration on the part of his followers. The authorities, however, sentenced his son to three months' imprisonment and gave sentences extending to two years to other prominent leaders. Pandit Jawarhalal Nehru, President of the All-India Nationalist Congress, who was imprisoned, was succeeded in the Presidency by his father, Pandit Motilal Nehru. The British Government heretofore depended on the police to preserve peace; but orders were later given for military participation. The Provincial Government in Calcutta put into effect an ordinance whereby those suspected of being disturbers, or intending to create disturbances, might be arrested without warrant, and exiled or imprisoned without trial. Extreme repressive measures have not been taken. The great bitterness of the Nationalists towards the British has been confined mostly to the Hindus. The lowest caste of these, the "untouchables," have not participated since they claimed that their demands were not given consideration by Gandhi. The Mohammedans, also, have declared through their leaders that they have little sympathy with the Hindu agitation.

**Italy.**—The Fascist Labor Council, a consultative body designed to cope with questions of the relations of capital and labor, was inaugurated at Rome on April 21, the Labor Day of the Fascist State. The same day was observed as the anniversary of the mythical founding of the city, 2,653 years ago. The occasion was marked by the inauguration of a number of public works, and the opening to the public of archeological excavations recently completed.—The Premier's daughter, Edda Mussolini, was married on April 24, at the parish church of St. Joseph, to Galeazzo Ciano, Secretary of the Italian Embassy at the Vatican, and son of Count Costanzo Ciano, Minister of Communications in the Fascist Cabinet.

**Japan.**—Parliament was formally opened on April 23 when Emperor Hirohito, wearing the full-dress uniform of the Generalissimo, addressed its members. The chief business ahead of Parliament will center about the country's foreign relations and economic conditions.—Much discussion was current as to the likely reception that the London treaty will get from the Cabinet and Privy Council. While it was anticipated that the course of its ratification would be prolonged and involved, confidence was expressed that in the end it would be accepted. Severe criticism was looked for from the Diet, though this could have no direct effect on the ratification process.

**Poland.**—The Polish delegate to the Geneva customs conference delivered to Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary General of the League of Nations, a note of protest against Germany's raising the import duties on agricultural products, a measure said to be in violation of the Geneva agreement. The German reaction was shown in an offi-

cial communique which stated that the Geneva agreement was thus far not binding on Germany or Poland and even if it were already in force the Polish complaint would be groundless because, according to the agreement reached on March 24, the signatory States are only obliged to notify the Geneva conference of an increase in duties. The Warsaw correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* stated that Poland would not be seriously affected by the increased duties. However, other protests were expected from France, Belgium, Italy and Jugoslavia when the new measures were put into force.

**Rumania.**—During a Congress of War Sufferers in progress in the national capital, a report that the Government planned withdrawing free railway transportation for war widows and invalids, occasioned an anti-Government demonstration which resulted in three fatalities and the injuring of twenty others. It was credited to the Liberal Opposition party. The demonstrations were planned despite police orders. Twenty-eight arrests followed.—On April 11, General Condescu was named Minister of War to replace General Cihoski. It will be recalled that the latter was compelled to resign his portfolio when thirty-six Bessarabian Deputies offered to give up their seats in connection with the expulsion of a colleague, charged by General Cihoski with having been a deserter during the World War.—The usual national Easter joy was this year turned into mourning by a catastrophe in Costesci when 144 persons, who were celebrating Good Friday according to the Orthodox rite, were trapped in a burning church and all perished. A majority of the dead were children. Two priests were among the victims. Some entire families were wiped out. At a common funeral which followed, the Minister of the Interior and other Government authorities were present. The Government headed a subscription list for the families of the sufferers with a donation of 1,000,000 lei (about \$6,000).

**Spain.**—Easter Sunday witnessed a huge public meeting in Madrid, attended by more than 30,000 persons, a notable proportion of whom came from far parts of the country, to demonstrate their allegiance to the monarchy. It was, in a manner, an answer to the demonstrations of the Socialists and other advocates of a republic. Speakers included the Marquis de Santa Cruz; Tomas Deza, representing the workers; Count Bugallal, former leader of the Conservative party; and Antonio Goicoechea, former Minister of the Interior. Failure of the amplifiers before the end of the program necessitated a premature adjournment. The session had been originally scheduled for April 6, but was postponed to avoid any risk of a clash with the Socialists who held a meeting on that date.—Plans were under way for a new electoral census to prepare for the parliamentary elections.—Repeated rumors forecast the early retirement of the Berenguer Ministry (announced at its inception as a transitional Cabinet), and its replacement by a Government headed by the Duke of Alba. Francisco Cambo, Catalan financier, industrialist and newspaper

Parliament  
and London  
Treaty

Protest  
Tariff

Monarchist  
Mass Meeting  
in Madrid

Government  
Troubles

owner, was frequently mentioned as a likely choice for the post of Minister of Finance.

**Uruguay.**—On April 22, Majors Elbio Quinteros and Carlos Iribar left Montevideo for Buenos Aires en route to Asuncion and Chaco to supervise the exchange of Forts Bouqueron and Vanguardia in accordance with the findings of the conference of neutrals which met in Washington last year. Major Iribar will supervise the evacuation of Fort Bouqueron and his companion the reconstruction and restoration to Bolivia of Fort Vanguardia. Before leaving Montevideo both the majors were entertained by the Bolivian and Paraguayan Ministers in the capital.

**Vatican City.**—The Holy Father issued an Encyclical on April 22, to commemorate the fifteenth centenary of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo and Doctor of the Church.

**Encyclical for Centenary of St. Augustine** The letter extols the sanctity and learning of the Saint, and calls attention to the exposition of the perennial Christian philosophy of life in his writings, notably in the "City of God." Though the feast of St. Augustine occurs on August 28, the letter was published early, to mark the Eucharistic Congress which opens at Carthage on May 7.

**Disarmament.**—The London Naval Treaty was signed April 22. In brief addresses the representatives of the five signatory Powers expressed their satisfaction at what had been done. "We have stopped," said Premier MacDonald, "the replacement of battleships and have reduced their number. We have limited the tonnage of auxiliary craft. We have shown how equipment, building, and replacement of fleets can be brought within the realm of international order. We have proved how, when the world likes, the menace of arms can be removed by regulating their development." The safeguarding clause would be used only as an ultimate resort. M. Briand, for France, urged that her demands for security were meant in a pacific sense. Japan maintained her freedom of negotiation in 1935.

Article 1 provides for a capital-ship holiday until 1936. Article 2: Great Britain, the United States and Japan shall bring down the number of their battleships in 1931 to 15, 15, and 9 respectively. Articles 3 and 4 deal with aircraft carriers. Articles 6 and 9 provide the technical characteristics of the various forms of vessels. Article 16 sets figures for limitation of cruisers, destroyers and submarines for the three Powers up to the end of 1936 as follows (in tons):

	United States	Great Britain	Japan
Large Cruisers .....	180,000	146,800	185,400
Small Cruisers .....	143,500	192,200	100,450
Destroyers .....	150,000	150,000	105,500
Submarines .....	52,700	52,700	52,700

Under Article 18 it is provided that if the United States builds her eighteen 10,000-ton cruisers instead of fifteen, the sixteenth shall not be completed before 1936, the seven-

teenth not before 1937 and the eighteenth not before 1938 (which provision, it was thought, would prove the chief bone of contention in Congress). Article 21 safeguards Great Britain against building programs by France and Italy. Article 22 states that submarines shall conform to the same rules of international law as govern surface vessels; and that, except in case of persistent refusal to halt or of active resistance, a submarine, as is the case with a surface vessel, may not sink a ship without rescuing the crew and passengers. Provision is made that the parties shall meet in 1935 to frame a new treaty.

**Reparations Question.**—The dispute between the Czechs and the Hungarians over their claims in litigation involving relatively small sums of reparations were looked

**Bank Operation Delayed** upon as delaying indefinitely the whole system of reparation settlement worked out in the Young plan and embodied in

the creation of the international bank at Basle, in Switzerland. Until these two nations could agree, The Hague protocol could not be ratified by Italy and Great Britain, which, in turn held up the execution of decisions concerning the issue of capital shares, the constitution of the administrative staff of the bank and the mobilization of reparations taken at the meeting of the board of directors in Basle on April 23. German protests against the nomination of Pierre Quesnay as Managing Director were balanced, it was said, by the appointment of Dr. Huelze of Germany as his assistant and head of the banking department and Dr. Melchior as Vice-President.

**League of Nations.**—Dissatisfied that the convention on nationality adopted by the Hague conference on the codification of international law did not grant complete equality to women, leading American feminists decided, at a meeting held in Paris April 24, to carry on propaganda with the purpose of inducing the legislatures of Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Mexico, Salvador and Uruguay to join the fifteen other States of the Western Hemisphere in refusing signatures to the convention.

**Feminists Protest**

A. Longfellow Fiske's second instalment in his "Adventure in Tolerance" will bear the subtitle "Campaigning." In it he will relate some very interesting personal experiences.

"Who Will Save Our Youth?" is the poignant question asked next week by Edward F. Garesché. \$200,000,000 has been spent for Catholic buildings. Are they doing their work?

How many know who is the patroness of aviation? On this subject, Calvert Alexander will have some revelations to make to Americans.

Recent and continued disturbances in prisons give point to the timely article by Philip H. Burkett on prison morale.

News dispatches from Rome relate that two French capitalists are being considered for beatification. Florence Gilmore will tell the story of these "Two Holy Men in Business."



# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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### The Deserted Village

**G**OLDSMITH visiting the Middle West would find many a theme for his mournful song. Census reports from eight States surrounding the center of population, which, in 1920 was on the Illinois-Indiana State line, note that of 161 "small towns" about sixty per cent show a reduction in population of from 5 to 100 per cent. In this latter case, the diminution has not necessarily been caused by a cyclone. The people have simply moved away.

Through the print of cold statistics a somewhat desolate picture can be seen. The typical village, reports the Associated Press, is composed of an abandoned grist mill, a couple of barn-like stores, often empty, and a street or two of sagging weather-beaten houses. Usually, however, the school, if there is one, and the village church, are in fair condition. The general appearance is that of an old piece of furniture, too far gone to qualify even as a donation to the St. Vincent de Paul.

Numberless social factors are at work upon the destruction of the American village. Ambitious young people return from college, or from medical or law school, to find in it no sufficient field for their talents and aspirations. Sooner, rather than later, they drift into the neighboring cities. Young people of another sort complain of the jejune opportunities for amusement afforded by their environment. The movie palace is opened only once or twice a week, and then for third or fourth-run pictures. Nothing more exciting happens than the arrival of No. 2 up and No. 4 down. They know everybody in town, and everybody knows them, and subjects of mutual interest are soon exhausted. In the end, they face the choice of emigrating or of dying of ennui.

In some respects, however, the passing of the old-time village is not an unmixed evil. Few small towns can maintain good schools, unless they adopt the centralized plan, and even that does not remove all drawbacks. The Rockefeller report showed some years ago the extreme difficulty of inducing young physicians to settle in small

towns, the result being that whole areas were without proper medical care. Hospitals, of course, were impossible. Travelers from more settled regions are often surprised to learn that the nearest available hospital may lie from thirty to fifty miles distant from a town of two thousand people. The automobile abridges distance, it is true, but aid is often useless unless it can be had without delay.

The tendency noted by these early census reports once more stresses the problem, the solution of which presents unusual difficulties to Catholic workers, of providing educational and religious facilities in the country districts. But it is encouraging to know that our rural life conferences are doing excellent work under circumstances which at times must be disheartening. The reports of a number of diocesan school superintendents show splendid gains every year. There is every reason to believe that by awakening general interest in the needs of the rural districts, they will be able to provide, if not fully, at least satisfactorily, for the families to whom life in the great cities presents no pleasing lure.

### Reds in Jail

**F**OR violating a parcel of city ordinances, a parcel of New York Reds have been sentenced to jail. The case is simple enough in itself. It presents no recondite questions of fundamental justice. Put in other language, these Reds were found guilty of what most persons would term disorderly conduct. They demanded privileges, and when refused by the authorities, took them.

Two points of some interest arise from these proceedings. The first is that Mr. William Z. Foster and his valiant allies, after urging the crowd to march down town in defiance of the police to storm the city hall with protests, did not place themselves at the head of the procession. That might have meant danger. With a fine sense of what was due them as leaders, they left the parade, and were carried to the city hall in the safe darkness of the subway. This fact testifies to their prudence. But it seems to disqualify them as martyrs.

That the Reds and their allies have any real interest in the worker, or any sympathy with him in his wrongs, is somewhat difficult to believe. Or if they have, it is a sympathy that is wholly devoid of intelligence. The man who really wants work realizes that windowbreaking is a poor way to get it. He does not stand at a streetcorner to breathe fire and vengeance against Mayor Walker, or carry banners in a parade. He is so busy looking for a job that he has no time for that. If the Communists have offered any other plan to help the worker, except that of using violence, or of shouting puny defiance, we have not heard of it. Two wrongs may satisfy a thirst for vengeance, but they never make a right, or secure a man steady employment, except in some penal institution.

But with this said, we must protest with all our power against the indifference of the great in this country to the woes of the poor. The best argument against Communism is respect for justice and charity by the rich and powerful. It is the only argument that will count.

### The New Supreme Court

WHILE the responsibilities of every President of the United States are grave, those which President Hoover faces with reference to the Supreme Court are unusually weighty and solemn. The President has already made two appointments to that bench. Considering the age and health of the older occupants, it is not unreasonable to suppose that other appointments will fall to the President. Mr. Hoover would almost certainly end a second term with a Supreme bench of his own appointment.

We say that this is an unusually weighty and solemn responsibility, even omitting all reference to the possibility of a second term. Within the next few years, problems which involve considerations far deeper than legal formulae and curial technicalities will be brought before the Supreme Court for such solution as may be there found. It is obvious that cases which embrace human as contrasted with corporation or property rights, cannot be satisfactorily reviewed in the feeble light afforded by precedents adopted at a time when social needs and social burdens differed widely from those of our day. All of us fall too readily into the rut of precedent, as an easy escape from the brain-racking task of examining principles, and courts form no exception.

One hundred years ago ours was a country of rural communities. Its problems were those which naturally arise in such an environment. In the cities, labor had begun to fight for its right to organize, usually without much success, but great cities were few, and organized capital was but a mewling infant. Today we are a nation of cities, marked from coast to coast, by factories and smokestacks. Capital has assumed proportions so gigantic that even half a century ago students could clearly foresee the impending conflict between capital and labor, and twenty years ago Wilson could tell his classes at Princeton that it would be fought on wider fields than those of the War between the States. Capital argued so well in its own cause that its pretensions were gradually accepted, and even men who were really better informed wrote and argued as though the highest and most sacred of all rights were the right to hold property. That fatal error continues to infect much of our social thinking and planning, and is reflected in the decisions of our courts.

We make no plea for a packing of the Supreme Court with partisans of any school of thought. What we desire is men who understand and will fearlessly apply the dictates of essential justice. They should be jurists of distinction whose rulings show that they are able to recognize the larger claims of those rights that are distinctively human. It was for the safeguarding of these rights that our first State paper was drawn in 1776, and the framing of the Constitution was but an attempt to find a ready and easy method of protecting them. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the rights of organized capital will be jeopardized by the rulings of the Federal courts as at present constituted. There is every reason to believe that by the inclusion of jurists whose philosophy presents a contrast, the Federal courts, and especially the Supreme

Court, will gain new respect and augmented authority among the people at large, by making themselves undaunted protectors of rights wherever they exist.

Surely, it is poor praise for a prospective member of the Supreme Court when his friends are forced to attribute his social philosophy to a legal precedent, rather than to thinking and conviction. It is not easy to dissent from President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, who writes that "a mere dogmatic adherence to a judicial precedent, established in a case decided during the World War," is not evidence that a man is fit to suit on the Supreme bench. Not only labor, but the country, may rightly demand that the courts take into consideration human relations in industry, and that they recognize and protect the rights of individuals and of communities menaced by the growth of organized capital. Otherwise government is not the protector of human rights, but their destroyer.

### A Foreign View of Our Children

THE Social Section of the League of Nations has issued a report embodying the findings of an investigation of child life in the United States. The investigator is Miss Marie Chaptal, president of the International Council of Nurses. From the extracts at hand Miss Chaptal does full justice to our virtues. She recognizes that at present we are struggling with difficulties, not all of our own making, which exist in other countries in a minor degree, if at all. She speaks with admiration of our juvenile courts, our medical clinics, our playground associations, our summer camps and schools, and our many societies for child welfare. But she is by no means blind to our faults. In fact, she sees them so plainly that, it is said, the complete text of her report will not be published.

For delinquency among children she lays the blame chiefly upon parents. Whether or not she gives sufficient consideration to environmental factors for which the parent is not to be blamed, is not clear from the published portions of the report. She notes that "about half the population has no religious belief at all," which is an understatement of the case, that divorce is increasing at a shocking rate, and that as a people we appear to have no high regard for law and order. These evils create a mephitic atmosphere against which even the best parents at times fight in vain.

Two chief causes of juvenile delinquency are noted. The first is parents actually bad, or parents who treat their duties lightly. Parents too easily assume that a day nursery or the school can give the child all the training which it needs, and this laxity tends to destroy the normal functioning of the home. Many children go astray simply because of negligent parents, and many more because of the bad example of parents, and the school is helpless. But Miss Chaptal goes straight to the heart of the problem of juvenile delinquency in a calm but scathing denunciation of our philosophy of education. "Hygiene frequently takes the place of morals," she writes. "Physical health sometimes takes precedence over conscience. The human soul does not seem to be regarded as a living reality."



If we examine the principles upon which public education in the United States is based, we must admit that Miss Chaptal speaks the sober truth. At one time or other, our school systems have subjected our children to every form of influence, except that which flows from the fact that God is, and that we have immortal souls to save.

After eighty years of this alleged education, Christianity is a minority religion in this country, and an intelligent critic can truthfully report that by our educators, "the human soul does not seem to be regarded as a living reality." If this system continues, what will the next generation bring forth?

### By What Authority?

**M**OST of us have obligingly answered the questions proposed by the census takers. Possibly, however, some of us filed our answers under protest. A gentleman in New York filled in the blanks for his wife and himself, giving the proper names and addresses, at which point he dipped his pen afresh and wrote, "The rest is none of the Government's business." He is now at liberty on bail.

As the preliminary work of the census is now at an end, it may be proper to remark that this gentleman was wholly correct. No one will attribute to us some deep dark plot to urge our fellows to disobey the law, since the object against which the plot might have been engineered, is now accomplished. It is well, then, to note our objection, on constitutional grounds, to the questions proposed by the Bureau of the Census.

The Constitution makes a decennial census obligatory. Hence no point can be raised against an enumeration of the inhabitants, but Congress must keep in mind the purpose assigned in the Constitution. The Bureau of the Census may be authorized by Congress to make the inquiries necessary to the proper attainment of this purpose, but no others.

The purpose of the census is plain from section 2 of Article 1, in which the Constitution prescribes that "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers." The actual enumeration, it was ordained, was to be made within three years after the first meeting of Congress, "and with-in every subsequent term of ten years." This is all that the Constitution ordains with respect to the census. The census is not to be taken to gratify public or private curiosity, but for the purposes stated in the Constitution, and for no others. Hence Congress has no right to ask John Smith his age at the time of his first marriage, or whether or not his family lives on a farm. In the language of the New York gentleman, now out on bail, that is none of the Government's business.

Refusal to answer the Government's questions, or failure to answer them truthfully, is punished, however, by fine or imprisonment, or both. Put in another way, the Government can send a citizen to jail for refusing to answer a question which it has no right to ask.

Let us examine a few of the other wholly illegal ques-

tions. "Home rented or owned," is the first, and is followed by "Value of home, if owned, or monthly rental, if rented." Neither question can have any connection with the information which the Constitution directs the Government to compile, and hence cannot be put by the Government. The same is to be said of all the other questions in this section. But the Government's impertinence rises to its height in the inquiries listed on the obverse of the census blank. The citizen is required to say why he was not at work yesterday, whether he habitually works at some gainful occupation, and, if not, is he able to work, is he looking for a job, and what is the reason "for being out of a job."

It is no defense to argue that all this is useful information. Whether it is or not, is immaterial. The sole point at issue is the right of the Government to subject a citizen to an inquisition of this kind, jailing him should he decline to answer. We are not making a mountain out of a molehill. In face of the determined effort to clothe the Federal Government with powers forbidden by the Constitution, it is dangerous to yield one inch to any kind of Federal encroachment. This time we are asked why we are out of work. The next time we may be asked why we are Democrats, or why we subscribe to the tenets of John Calvin, and if our answer is that neither our political nor our religious affiliations can possibly concern the Federal Government, we may be deemed tainted with treason. That may seem cruel, absurd, and far-fetched. But it is no more cruel, absurd, and far-fetched than the actual fact that the Government has punished citizens for declining to answer questions which it has no constitutional right to ask.

### Oil and Charity

**C**HARITY, like oil, should be diffusive. It ought to emanate from as many sources as possible. It should extend its beneficent ministry over fields as vast as human misery and want. But it cannot always be described in these terms. Its sources are too few.

One of the many excellent results of the "drive" annually carried on by the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, is that it presents to every Catholic the obligation which rests upon him of contributing according to his means to works of charity. In preaching this message, the Catholic Charities has been unusually successful. Last year contributions were made by 283,591 individuals. In New York, at least, charity is as oil poured out from many fountains. The monies thus collected are used for the support of the manifold charities which call for attention in a city so diversified in its needs as New York.

Today "drives" are not popular. But appeals, such as that made by the organization in New York, and in other dioceses, are never made in vain to the majority of our Catholic people. This year the "drive" begins in New York on May 4. The number of subscribers in 1929 was encouraging, but why cannot the number top a million in 1930? The result of this year's appeal will be awaited with interest.

# The Business Side of the Passion Play

DANIEL E. DORAN

**I**F our unworthy ancestors, Adam and Eve, were not expelled from the Garden of Eden, it is quite possible that money would grow on trees. Since they were and it does not, it seems that there must be to every human enterprise a business side.

Even projects essentially religious must cope with this necessary evil. If you are to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, you must erect churches in which it can be celebrated reverently. If you are to harbor the orphan or nurse the sick you must, perforce, erect orphanages and hospitals in which these works of mercy can be properly performed.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Oberammergau's Passion Play, the world's greatest dramatic spectacle, should have a business side to it. And now that the cast and dates and rates of the 1930 productions have been announced, it is more than likely that certain of the more sensational of the public prints will be devoting considerable attention to this business side and regaling the American public with the references to "commercialized religious drama," "orgy of profiteering" and other uncomplimentary terms that they may easily dig out of the files of years gone by. In fact, it has already started, for only recently the New York *Evening Post* captioned a rather fair article on the Passion Play with the title "Oberammergau, Where Religious Zeal and Business Instinct Naively Mingle."

Such references came thick and fast enough in 1922. One American correspondent wrote that "the play and its surroundings have become a veritable scandal of profiteering" and even went so far as to report that the Holy Father, after dispatching a Nuncio to make a personal investigation, had signified his disapproval of the conditions surrounding the presentation.

It is extremely unlikely, [continued this scribe] that the play will ever again be given publicly. The probability is that the play will be presented behind closed doors to Orders of monks and nuns and other privileged audiences. . . . This was the original idea of this dramatic representation of the sufferings of Christ, but the Passion Play of 1922 is raking in shekels in amounts beyond the dreams of the most successful producer in Manhattan.

Selah!

Just how ludicrous were these inaccurate, if not mendacious, reports that cluttered up the pages of the press in 1922, may be understood by a consideration of the purely business side of the world production in the little village on the Ammer. The aspersions were denied, it is true, in a public statement by so eminent a personage as Cardinal Faulhaber, who even suggested, not without some humor, that in these days of so many laws reforming things, there might well be a law to safeguard the truth.

But falsehood is hydra-headed and modern journalism seldom accords to the denial of a sensational rumor the attention which it devotes to the rumor itself. For this reason, it would seem important that the true situation in respect to Oberammergau be understood.

Anton Lang, who played the part of Christ in 1922, may be considered a representative member of the Oberammergau cast. He received for his services 27,000 paper marks. At the rate of exchange then prevailing, this was insufficient to buy him a pair of boots he needed for the winter. The entire proceeds were so small that the players were subsequently induced to come to the United States to give an exhibition of their wood carving, disposing of their wares that they might keep the people at home fed and clothed and housed. A dentist's bill which Mr. Lang contracted after the Passion Play was eight times as large as the sum he received for participating in sixty-eight performances.

The average spectator at the 1922 Passion Play paid five dollars in American money for two nights' lodging, five meals and his seat at the performance. The reserved seats cost about thirty cents in American money. There were 318,000 spectators, of which number about 280,000 came from Germany. The United States sent 22,000 spectators, and England and Ireland about 12,000. The entire receipts were 21,640,000 marks. But due to the depreciation of German currency, this was not sufficient to have supplied a pair of shoes for every man, woman and child in the village, with a population of about 5,000.

To understand the devotion which the people of Oberammergau have to the Passion Play and to see just how far it is removed from the realm of the commercial, it may be well to trace back the history of the business side of the production.

The play was first produced in 1634 in fulfillment of a vow made by the villagers that if God would deliver them from a plague that had spread among them, they would perform every ten years, as a memorial, the tragedy of the Passion of His Son.

There are, it is true, no records of any financial transactions connected with the play until 1720. From that time forward the record is available. It shows that from 1720 to 1800 there was a constant deficit, starting with \$30.80 in 1720, mounting as high as \$66.18 in 1770 and being as low as \$5.04 in 1800. The performances of 1800 were interrupted but were continued in 1801, when there was a profit of \$144.00 and a free supper, at a cost of about \$36.00, was given the members of the cast.

The performers first received remuneration for their services in 1850, when \$4,200 was distributed among them, the principal actors' stipends amounting to about \$34.00 each. In 1860, 1870 and 1871 the performers were not paid, but sums of money, the largest being \$16,800, were set aside for improvements in the village. In 1880 and 1890 the performers received respectively \$39,607 and \$72,142. In addition, money was set aside in both years for public improvements. In 1900, the cast received \$102,512 or about \$375.00 for each member. In 1910, the last performances prior to the war, the cast shared \$94,000, the principals receiving about \$400.00 each.



There are about 700 persons in the Passion Play cast, of whom more than 100 have speaking parts and about 250 act but do not speak. During the play season, the principals set aside their respective trades and endeavor to live up to the parts assigned to them. Aside from the period of five months, during which time they concentrate entirely on the sublime religious spectacle they are presenting, there is a period of at least four months of preparation and rehearsal, not to speak of the months of work that must be done by the committee in charge. Actually a large number of the villagers give more than a year's time to the interests of the drama.

Guests at Oberammergau are accommodated in the homes of the villagers. During the Passion Play year, family names are set aside for those of the casts of the play and the visitor is therefore assigned to the house of Pilate, or of Herod or of Pontius Pilate. The rooms thus occupied are used only once every ten years, for when the guests have gone the villager closes them up until the advent of the next decennial performance. Prior to their use each ten years it is accordingly necessary to furnish them with fresh coats of paint and newly-starched curtains, with spotless linen and especially those puffy *Oberbetten* or feather beds which are hall marks of distinction in the properly-maintained Bavarian boudoir.

The housewife must bring forth her best pewter mugs and plates, her shining copper pans and kettles and other household utensils that have been mere decorations for ten years. Since Oberammergau has completely reconstructed the auditorium in which the Passion Play will be presented for 1930 and there is now provision for 5,000 spectators as opposed to 4,200 in 1922, it will be necessary to supply housing facilities for about 800 additional guests this year. The reconstruction of the auditorium alone has cost the village about 1,000,000 marks and this money had to be borrowed. From which it appears that the villagers will face the opening of the season very much in debt and even if the thirty-odd performances were played to capacity audiences they would reap no rich harvest.

For, with all these factors considered, the rates for 1930, which are standardized and admit of no advance without severe penalties, are quite reasonable. First-class accommodations, including two nights' lodging and five meals, are \$12.00. Less luxurious accommodations, on the same basis are scaled respectively at \$11.00, \$9.75 and \$8.25. Tickets, which can only be sold in connection with accommodations, are \$5.00, \$3.75 and \$2.50.

Repeatedly, the villagers of Oberammergau have refused requests to present the Passion Play in places outside the village and likewise have they turned a deaf ear to lucrative proposals that they permit the Passion Play to be reproduced in the movies. This attitude, surely, does not savor of an inordinate desire to wax wealthy as a result of the production.

And, newspaper critics notwithstanding, it is to be doubted that any Broadway producer would grow green with envy at the modest returns which the Oberammergau folk receive from the decennial productions, to which many of them give the devoted interest of a lifetime.

## For the Intention of Mary

JOHN GIBBONS

WHAT view a priest might have taken I do not know, but then there would not have been any priest there, and I held that undoubtedly Miss Marie was a Catholic. As far as I could make out from her father, as translated by his other daughter from whatever language Roumanian gipsies talk into Serbski and then retranslated to me into something supposed to be English, the girl had almost on birth been baptized by a Catholic priest called in a hurry to a dying woman. And even though it had been all a mistake, Marie's mother turning out to have been nominally Orthodox and the wrong kind of priest being fetched, I could not see that the fact was at all altered. But then as a layman and a poor sort of layman at that, I am not at all too certain about what "intention" may mean.

Not that Miss Marie at least had any special intention. For if my interpreter was anything like correct, she frankly believed in nothing at all beyond the cardinal fact that all men were beasts, with the possible and doubtful exception of the particular one whom she hoped she was going to marry. And he never went anywhere at all, though as he called himself an Orthodox she supposed they would have to get married in church. Her family, again, was hardly of much moral support to my argument, her sister Lena by her side shaking her head in violent denial of any kind of belief, and then the old father resting on his fiddle behind and professing in an unknown tongue his entire satisfaction with some deity of his gipsy forebears which, whatever it may have been, had at least nothing at all to do with any form of Christianity. And the interpreter being a Freethinker I was left quite alone on my platform. But I stuck to it that whatever they said Marie really was a Catholic. All this interesting theological argument, by the way, took place about three in the morning in one of those dives that I think the Bosnians spell as *Kafanas*.

They did not drink much in them, you know, not in the Western sense, and in fact three-quarters of the customers will be wearing the fez and only taking coffee. And I have not the least doubt that the girls would be perfectly good girls, even though their duty in life did consist of sitting all night on a stage in a sort of Turkish dress. Between times of playing their instruments or singing, they would mostly be accepting or repelling with dignity the offers of sweet-meats to be bought of the boys who entered every minute or two. But never would they get down from the protection of their stage and their father. Only the music itself is odd, and the coffee-drinking customers can get almost drunk just with listening to it. The same tune comes over and over again, you know, and there is one particular beat when with the gipsy fiddles going like mad and Miss Marie's tambourine fairly clanging itself into one's brain, the men will get up and begin to sing.

It is something about a Turk Captain and a Christ Captain and a Piece of Land. You can have it for Fair Words or for Money, perhaps, or if you prefer, for

Blood. Then the Christ Captain tells the Turk Captain that he will take it for Blood. And the Turk Captain says to the Christ Captain: "Then the price will be heavy indeed." It comes down from the Middle Ages or something of Bosnia and probably is of tremendous archeological interest. And I should very much enjoy watching any archeologist's face as he listened to Marie's tambourine flashing itself into frenzy as the song came to the fighting part.

As I sat almost deafened by the throb of the music and stared at the trio, I saw something unnoticed before, a tiny chain with what looked like a Catholic medal hanging on it. It was round the girl's neck, and next time that the music stopped and the sweetmeat boys came round again and we could talk, I asked the interpreter if it would be rude for me to look. And it was a medal. She slipped it off for me, and though I could not read the writing it was plain enough what the thing was: what we call the Miraculous Medal. Marie herself knew nothing about it, except that it was very precious and in some way sacred, having somehow come down from her birth and being connected with the mother who was dead. And I would guess that the priest called in by mistake might have slipped it over a baby's head. Only he must have been a singularly mean priest. For the trumpery trifle can hardly have cost more than a cent. But Marie, little unbeliever and unsentimentalist as she was, carefully cleaned it every week. It was the other girl who wanted that bit translated to me, and it somehow struck me that even through the translation a bit of a sneer came out.

The next time I saw the girls was perhaps a couple of days later. It would be nice, of course, to say that it was in a tea-room or something of that sort—except that there are no tea-rooms and it was in the same *Kafana*, only about four in the afternoon and with no music going on and next to nobody there. I do not know why I went, except that one has to sit down somewhere and that all the places are about the same. So that when it came to the time for a rest and the interpreter asked where we should go, I could not think of anywhere else in particular. Only instead of afternoon tea and cakes, you just take your luck with the beer. And then we didn't speak to the ladies. They were alone at a table to themselves and when I enquired if it was *comme il faut* to join them, the man said that he thought not just now.

They were having a most violent row, Lena screaming at Marie and Marie screaming back in the most public manner possible. Something about the beloved-of-Marie, it was, and Lena saying that Marie should not have him and Marie insisting that she would. So at least the interpreter told me with a grin, only as my Anglo-Saxon ideas about listening-in to ladies' conversations did not at all coincide with his Croatian-Austro-Greek system of ethics, I speedily took him away and insisted upon him showing me the next weary Sight.

In a story of this sort and especially written as it is for people who read a Catholic paper it is an enormous gratification to me to be able to put it on record that our third—and by the way, last—meeting was *not* in a *Kafana*, being in point of fact actually just outside a church. The

interpreter had taken me there as one of the stock sights of the town, but since he was not quite such a good interpreter as he thought he was, I missed most of the points of it all. But it is a Catholic church, only the Saint it is dedicated to is of such terrific local sanctity that all the other people as well go there, Orthodox and Jews and even Mohammedans. And especially women when they want to pray for anything very special. And the Croatian-Austro-Greek (and I wouldn't be surprised if there was a bit of Armenian-Jew in him as well) leered knowingly and would have enlarged upon the subject if I had not shut him up by marching up the steps and inside the place. It was a Catholic church; there was no earthly doubt about that. And the rest must have been true as well, because while I was there I saw a woman come in with that patch of black cloth over her face that showed her to be a Moslem. We stared round a bit and I said a prayer just while I was there, and then we came out again, one more Sight duly seen.

We hadn't got a hundred yards from the place when of all people in the world we ran straight into Miss Marie. Now in spite of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning business I am not really such a gay dog as I sound. A sort of half-and-half business, perhaps. And anyway I'm not at all sure about the etiquette of *Kafana* tambourine young ladies that you meet in the street. It wasn't snob-bishness altogether. For I am bound to say that Miss Marie looked altogether perfect. Not a scrap of the dancing-girl business. You could have taken her with pride into any drawing room. She must have taken infinite pains with herself just for the occasion of church, washing off all her kohl and paint and eye-stuff and dressing herself as unlike as possible as she generally appeared. So it was not that. Only I was wondering if she'd want to know me, and I was for just raising my hat and passing on.

But she stopped me on purpose as if she was really glad to see me. I was the man in the bar who had been arguing with her and her father about church and all that, and now she had come, she said. It was that young man, she told the interpreter to tell me—there was little undue reticence about Miss Marie—and she would give anything to get him. Some hitch with her sister there had been, as far as I could make it all out, but she, Marie, was going to win. She even meant to go so far as to pray to get the young man. And did I think that her prayer would be successful? And what on earth was I to say to that! I ask you.

All I could think of for the moment was to tell her to pray and see what happened. And then it struck me somehow to tell the man to ask her this; she said that she would give anything. Anyone could say it, but what would she do? Would she, for instance, be a Catholic? And in a minute out came that little Medal and of course she would. In a way she was already a Catholic, and here was the Medal! And then pulling out her purse, she produced a little wad of notes and counted it carefully out there and then in front of the interpreter's greedy eyes. Something just under a thousand dinars it came to, and she picked out a hundred of them and put the



rest away again. "It is that Catholics always give one-tenth?" she asked, and before that winking Greek quarter-breed had sneered out the question to me, the girl was away and off into the Church.

In a way, it was a bit of luck that there was no time for an answer! And a hundred dinars anyway must have

meant a lot to that little pagan. I hope that the man was worth it. Only as I stood like a fool looking back at the Church it did occur to me that though I had said that Miss Marie had no intention of any sort, I could not be nearly so certain about the intention of the Mary of the Medal.

## The Blood of Martyrs at Carthage

COMTESSE JOSEPH DE SONIS

FOUR years ago, Chicago was the privileged spot chosen for the Eucharistic Congress; and pilgrims from the Old World crossed the seas to join with their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean in that great manifestation of love to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; admiring the Faith and generous zeal that had prepared such a triumphal welcome to the King of Kings.

Not only is the favored place elected this year a town in the Old World, but it is a town renowned in ancient pagan history as well as in the early annals of the Church; a sacred ground whose soil was once red with the blood of martyrs—Carthage.

Carthage . . . what memories the name evokes! Upon the site of that fair North African city, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea, stood the heathen town of Camba in the sixteenth century before Jesus Christ. Then, renowned both in history and archeology, came the town founded by Elissa, surnamed Dido (the fugitive), flying from the vengeance of her brother Pygmalion, King of Tyr, and for centuries that colony increased in importance and prosperity until it came into collision with the Roman power and succumbed in 146 B.C.

Under the Roman Empire Christianity came to those fertile shores; and, with the Sign of the Cross, the gallant warfare of those enrolled under its sacred banner, the heroic deaths of that noble army who shed their blood for Jesus Christ Crucified.

*Sanguis Martyrum semen Christianorum* . . . "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," it was an African, Tertullian, who said it first; and surely the supreme sacrifice of those martyrs of the early North African Church was the precious seed whence spring the faith, hope and love that inspire the Eucharistic triumph that is being prepared; an invisible host will accompany the Carthage pilgrims and join with them in adoration and thanksgiving.

First and foremost of that glorious white-robed throng we hail St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas: those two holy women whose names must ever be linked with Carthage where their martyrdom is so solemnly commemorated every year on March 7, their feast. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in that crypt that was their prison, beneath the arena where they shed their blood for their Divine Lord and Master.

Carthage is full of the memory of Perpetua, the noble Roman patrician, and Felicitas, the humble slave; alike

in their youth and beauty; alike in their sensitive women's hearts and the tenderness of the motherly love that they showed to their precious babes. . . . Perpetua to the beloved nursing torn from her sheltering arms, but afterwards brought to her for a few hours every day; when the intensity of her mother love made her exclaim that the foul dark prison was then a palace, preferable to any other place on earth; Felicitas to the babe born in that prison and confided to a Christian sister when the young mother went straight from the pangs of childbirth to the arena, the wild beasts and the martyr's eternal crown.

Their sufferings have been made known to us by St. Perpetua's own narration in which she wrote not only the story of her arrest and imprisonment; but also the revelation of the extraordinary supernatural graces and the wonderful visions that God vouchsafed to that privileged soul whose heights of sanctity and spiritual fortitude appear all the more striking on account of the simple womanly tenderness of that young matron whose heart overflowed with love for husband, parents, brothers and babe; but yet who left all, and shed her blood joyfully and triumphantly in witness of the Faith that she prized most.

Her visions give us the secret of her strength, for they tell us of the reward that she saw before her, and that made her despise tortures and death. She had seen the golden stairs reaching to Heaven, the celestial garden, the white-robed multitude and the Man dressed as a Shepherd who said to her: "Child, thou art welcome."

So wrapt was she in the thought of that welcome that she did not even feel the horns of the ferocious cow that tossed and gored her; while her joyful demeanor, her dignity and her courage, joined to so much youth and beauty, filled even the heathen crowd of spectators with admiration and pity. The same fellow-Christian who recorded these facts, told how when the martyrs were brought into the middle of the arena for the final death stroke, Perpetua gave one cry as the sword touched her delicate side, perhaps to prove that God let her taste of human suffering, but that afterwards she herself guided the blade against her own throat.

Surely pilgrims to Carthage will be glad to evoke such memories and to pray to these holy martyrs on the very scene of their sacrifice.

Beside these two frail women we may recall the venerable visage of another Carthaginian martyr, St. Cyprian, the holy Bishop and shepherd of that flock called upon

to suffer so much for its faith; and who, after having guided, exhorted and consoled his children throughout the ghastly days of the plague, throughout the fiery times of persecution, set them the last great example by his martyrdom; and preached the most eloquent of his sermons by the simple words with which he welcomed his death-sentence: *Deo Gratias*, "Thanks be to God."

The blood of so many of her children won for the North African Church a time of peace and prosperity; and it was during this period of calm that, in 370 A.D. Carthage welcomed Augustine, the young heathen student leading a life of sin and of shame; who left her shores for that voyage to Rome that was to bring him to the true Light; and who came back to her to preach and to teach as the holy Bishop of Hippo with which town his name is yet more closely connected.

But peace was not to be, for during his old age Augustine saw his beloved Hippo besieged by the savage hordes of the Vandals; and, after he had left this troubled earth for the joys of Heaven, all that North African coast, so dear to him, was invaded by the barbarians. Then came the Arabs; and for a time it seemed as though the Crescent of the infidel had triumphed over the Cross; for Carthage was devastated and its ruins taken to build Tunis; the stones of Christian churches were used to construct Mohammedan mosques.

Centuries passed and the Cross shone once more upon those shores; brought there upon the shields of the Crusaders under their leader, St. Louis, King of France.

Once more noble lives were laid down for the triumph of that Cross; and the saintly King himself offered the supreme sacrifice of his life, praying with his last breath that the Christian religion should one day be preached at Tunis.

Again centuries elapsed, while North Africa was given over to Islam, and the blood of martyrs cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

At last, in 1830, when the French conquered Algiers, the King, Louis Philippe, obtained from the Bey of Tunis permission to build a chapel on the spot where his saintly namesake and predecessor had breathed his last prayer. The chapel was built but soon abandoned until God sent another of his children to revive the sacred memories of the past; and the great Cardinal Lavigerie came with his Order of missionary priests, the White Fathers, to transform Carthage once more into a place of Christian worship. The French Protectorate being established in 1881, through Cardinal Lavigerie's zeal the Chapel of St. Louis was restored; the present cathedral built; Saint Perpetua's underground prison transformed into another sanctuary for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; while able, learned researches throughout years of patient labor have brought to light and are daily bringing to light countless precious relics of the early North African Church.

The great Cardinal went to his eternal reward in 1892 and his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Carthage that he loved; the Carthage of the Martyrs and Saints of the early Church; the Carthage of St. Perpetua, St. Felicitas, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine and

St. Louis; the Carthage that must always be dear to every Christian heart, and that is destined to be hallowed once more by the triumph of Jesus Crucified in the great Eucharistic Congress that will bring so many of His children to His Feet.

## Tale of a Farmhouse

PHILIP BURKE

WHEN my mother was a little girl, Joshua Pratt lived there. He was old then. He used to sit under the elm in the yard; a dignified old New Englander, nodding through the long summer afternoons. Mother says he would speak to the children coming home from school, and sometimes give them peppermints. He was gentle with children, though all his life he had been a terror to sinners. A deacon of his church, and a selectman, like his father before him.

It was his father who had planted the elm and had built the Pratt house for his bride. A square, strong little house, firm on a hill, looking across the fields and meadows and woodland of its owners.

Joshua Pratt, whom my mother remembers, fought in the Civil War. He grew old in the old house, farming his own fields and praying fiercely to his father's God. When he died there was another Joshua Pratt to take his place. I remember him. He had a milk route when I was a little boy. A thin, round-shouldered man; gentle and untidy and slow of speech. I used to go over at milking time and stand in the barn watching him. There was a warm sweet odor of cows, and the milk hissed in the pail. Josh was always a little late with the milking. I would go home, carrying my pail carefully through the mysterious dusk, and thinking of things.

Everybody liked Josh Pratt. But I don't think he ever got to be a selectman. He puttered around the barn Sundays, and at times people complained about the milk. Josh was a little slack. Toward the last of it he sold a good deal of land. Farming didn't seem to pay, and his son had drifted off to Brockton to work in the shoe shops. When Josh died, the house was sold for taxes.

Then the foreigners came, a family of Italians. They rented land at first. On hot afternoons you could see them out in the fields. The women with the men, down on their hands and knees, weeding between the rows. They were a swarthy, good-natured lot, overflowing the old house and screaming cheerfully in the yard. When the children went to school, the teachers didn't know what to do with them. And the little New Englanders threw stones. But that stopped very soon. The little foreigners threw stones, too, and there were more and more of them.

The Giuseppees bought their land, and presently a big truck was taking their garden stuff to Boston. Other Italian families came. Three or four of their young men went off to the World War. A Giuseppe graduated from law school. The Italians were all very proud of him. They have elected him to the Board of Selectmen.

After the war, the Giuseppees moved out of the old Pratt house. There wasn't room enough when the girls



began to get married. They put up a new house for themselves over on the State road, a handsome big place, with a veranda and a furnace and a grape arbor.

For a while the old Pratt house, shorn of its fields, stood empty under the great elm. The lilac bushes in the yard grew up to the low eaves, and the door stone was hidden in grass. The roof sagged a little.

People are living there again. There is a striped hammock in the yard and, out in front, shiny red gas pumps. One of Josh Pratt's grandsons has come back. He seems

to be making a living. Cars stop for gas and oil, and he has ice cream and tonic for sale. Down at the store they say he is bootlegging a little on the side. But I don't believe that. They are good old New England stock, the Pratts are.

I walked by the old place recently. Pratt was out in the hammock. In spite of the shiny new gas pumps and the Ford in the yard, the place looked sad. They had mowed the grass and trimmed the lilacs. But the old elm is dying.

## An Adventure in Tolerance

A. LONGFELLOW FISKE

**L**IKE Festus in Browning's poem, I "plunged!" Yes, I was one of the martyrs fed to the lions in the memorable, tragic, pathetic—I was going to say farcical—presidential campaign of 1928.

Never was I so thankful for the sense of humor as during those days when I campaigned for the Central Democratic Committee of Nebraska. I imagined myself as Exhibit A, in a traveling show, for I was certainly "looked over" by my audiences night after night, and their faces displayed as much of curiosity as of a healthy contempt.

I was not a politician nor the son of a politician, I had never mixed in politics, and had never wanted to. It was beneath my dignity, and like all good citizens I let the other fellows run the government. But all that was changed now—I had jumped into the slimy waters and I was in, as the saying has it, "all over."

Being a Protestant minister campaigning for "Al" Smith who was generally known to be both a "wet" and a Catholic, I was, to say the least, an anomaly and a weird figure upon the political horizon. The probably accounts for the fact that I drew the largest crowds of any speaker on the stump in that State, Democrat or Republican, excepting of course, the Ku Klux orators who drew throngs to their cow-pasture harangues and pow-wows.

Really, there was my biggest competition. In one town I spoke to a very small crowd and was told that the townspeople had been "fed up on pol'tics the night before," when a Presbyterian preacher from Omaha had held a big "Klux meetin'."

The only speakers in Nebraska who really discussed the "issue" of the campaign were the K.K.K.'s and (excuse the seeming egotism) myself—both of us bore down on the religious issue and Prohibition, indeed dealt with them exclusively. A lot of perfectly good breath was wasted by well-meaning fellows who learnedly and perspicaciously expatiated on the tariff, water power, and the farm problem. These questions were certainly beside the point, "irrelevant and immaterial," as my lawyer friend would say.

Few in Nebraska were in the least interested in the welfare of the farmer, even the farmer himself was perfectly willing to sacrifice his economic prosperity to keep

the Pope out of the White House and the saloon from off Main Street. The housewife did not care a fig about how much it cost her to operate her electric iron and washing machine so long as the "moral forces" of the country crushed the rising tide of "Romanism" and "corruption."

Believe me, it was a hard competition I encountered, with the K.K.K. organized against us, and the Churches holding protracted prayer meetings to supplicate the Deity for a Republican victory! In one village where I spoke the hall was occupied entirely by men, and I asked where the women were, and was told that they had spent nearly the whole night before "praying for Hoover's election"—at the Methodist Church, which I concluded was the Republican Headquarters in that town.

Still, in spite of all this diverting amusement and activity, I succeeded almost everywhere I went in drawing large crowds. Many a dignified court-house was taxed to capacity to hear me. And the reason for my success (in drawing crowds, not making votes) lay in the fact, of course, that I was a Protestant minister who had "gone wrong," terribly wrong. Perfectly good, sincere, and "moral" people could not resist the temptation to come and see and hear me. But the tragic thing about it was that they came, so many of them, with closed minds and were hopelessly prejudiced, fed up with misinformation, alas, pure and unadulterated lies! There is nothing in this world so hard to overcome as prejudice, for there seems to be no way you can attack it and no antidote for it. It is a sort of "mob psychology," unreasoning, frenzied, fanatical.

I jumped into the campaign because I was honestly convinced that there were really two big issues before the country, of tremendous import and possible consequence, that of tolerance and that of Prohibition. While not a Catholic, I had no fear of the Pope's coming to America and establishing a Vatican City in Washington, as an annex to the White House, in the event of "Al" Smith's election, and I conscientiously believed that Prohibition was fundamentally wrong and contrary to the principles both of morality and human liberty.

With these two heresies strongly lodged in my mind, I jumped into the whirlpool with youthful zest and enthusiasm. I did not care what happened to me personally,

in fact, I did not think much about it, which was probably very foolish on my part—but, well, you know how it is, fanatics are always that way, pathetically impractical.

I started out, about five weeks before the election, in a second-hand automobile which I had purchased especially for the occasion, or rather for the crusade. And right here let me say a good word for the much maligned "used car." That old Chandler of mine was a marvel of faithfulness and performance. I would like to give the man who sold it to me due credit. While he was a Republican and knew that I was going to use the car campaigning for "Al," still he put the boat in the very best condition possible, having it thoroughly overhauled. What a bright example of tolerance in Mr. Mencken's "Bible belt." The engine was as quiet as that of a new Pierce-Arrow, and when starting had that smooth purring sound of power which delights the motorist; the differential—well, I had not looked into that, but I was assured that the mechanic had, and, after all, we have to take some things "on faith." And how that old bus ate up the miles as I traversed the Nebraska plains and prairies, often making seventy-five and a hundred miles between speaking engagements! Once a burnt out bearing held me for a couple of hours, and upon the final lap of the tour I experienced tire trouble, a blow-out. Otherwise, its performance was one hundred per cent. You can never convince me that that old car did not have Democratic leanings, for the campaign certainly gave it youth and a new lease on life!

I hardly believe that I would have inflicted myself upon the voters of Nebraska and tried my hand at "politics," if it had not been for Dr. Henry Van Dyke's clarion warning and eloquent pronouncement upon tolerance as the "real issue," spoken so opportunely. You will remember his challenging statement. This, which I read appreciatively, and a certain incident when "Al" Smith came to Omaha and opened the campaign with his speech on "farm relief," determined the matter with me, and sent me forth a crusader.

This incident had to do with a certain prominent, middle-aged business man, a pious circumspect member and officer of a large Protestant Church in the city.

When Governor Smith and his party were conveyed to the Fontenelle Hotel upon arriving in Omaha, I was one of the crowd of people who stood on the curbing and saw him. It was the first time I had ever looked upon the smiling, virile countenance of the Governor, and I was frankly pleased with him. Somehow I felt that there was a man—a real man—of courage, ability, and human sympathy.

But, as I was walking away, after the Governor had passed, I met this certain prominent gentleman already mentioned. He recognized me and stopped to talk.

"Did you see Smith?" he growled.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, what did you think of him?"

"He impressed me very favorably," I replied.

"Huh," came back my friend, as the story-writer would say in a "guttural" tone, "huh, you could have squeezed the whiskey out of his face!" And he accen-

tuated the remark with an illustrative gesture. "You don't mean to say that you, a minister of the gospel, would vote for a New York East Side politician and tool of Tammany? You don't mean to say—"

"No," I replied, interrupting, and smiling, "I don't mean to say anything—today—but I believe you are a trifle unfair in your judgment."

And then came a storm of rage and vituperation that needed only the brimstone of profanity to give it its proper atmosphere! Unfortunately, the pious elder just could not indulge himself in this, and I felt sorry for him. I never had realized before how essential "cuss words" are under certain strained conditions! To express one's temper when it is at vehement white heat, without the use of profanity, is a mighty difficult thing to do, and an attempt such as I was witnessing and hearing was awkward, grotesque and funny to the extreme. If the poor man could only have emitted a few healthy oaths, how it would have simplified matters for him, and probably shortened the period of my torture in having to listen! But I managed finally to get away, as from the heat of a burning torch.

Riding home on the street car that afternoon, I remembered what Dr. Van Dyke had said, and then the gentleman I had met earlier in the day was visualized before me, and I saw him as an actual personification of the bigotry and intolerance that Van Dyke had written about as a poison virus in the veins of the nation. Suddenly a tremendous emotion stirred and gripped me. I actually repeated aloud the words of Browning, "Festus, I plunge!"

I attended the great meeting that night when Governor Smith spoke to thousands, in fact to the whole nation over the radio. It was a gala, brilliant, enthusiastic affair. But—I wondered. I listened to Smith's keen, pungent, analytical address, as he drove home his points on the farm relief question, yet I felt all the while that he was not talking about the thing that was going to determine the election.

I knew the psychology of the Middle-West, or thought I did. I had lived in Kansas when my friend, William Allen White, ran for Governor on an anti-Klan platform, and I had been driven to write a scathing denunciation of intolerance for the *Freeman*, and I could not help but feel as I listened to Smith this night, that the real question before the American people was not farm relief, tariff, or any other economic question but simply one of human liberties—what are they in "free America," in a nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal?"

The next morning I talked with three of my ministerial friends, prominent city pastors, and sounded them out as to what they would think of my resolve to make speeches for the New York Governor. I well remember their reactions—three distinct explosions.

No. 1. "Don't disgrace yourself! How could you possibly so lose your sense of right and decency as to do such a thing!" And he rubbed his hands by way of pious emphasis.

No. 2. "If you have the nerve, go to it! Tell the world



that it's ridiculous to talk about Prohibition for we haven't had it! Yes, I expect to vote for Smith."

No. 3. "I would admire your courage if you should take such a step, and I will do all I can for you when you get through and are ready to preach again. I shall vote for Governor Smith, but shan't say anything about it! It wouldn't be wise to do so in my position."

There was the vote, a *Literary Digest* ballot among three perfectly good Protestant preachers, and two of them were strong for Smith, and one against him.

That was interesting, I thought, but I was sure it did not represent the general sentiment of Nebraska clergymen. It didn't!

### TEA AND TOBACCO

(Freely rendered from the Gaelic of Colum Wallace)

One Saturday eve, with the moon on her walk  
And a sun-idolizer asleep on his stalk,  
I heard an old couple and they putting talk  
On the two weighty matters before them.

"Twas she, feathered up, who had started the fray  
With a wish on the tea for which neither could pay;  
But soft was her man who had little to say  
Till she turned the discourse on tobacco.

"Och, woman!" said he, "let your fancy forget  
The potion that's driving us both into debt:  
I've nothing to smoke. . . ." "And I've nothing to wet. . . ."  
"My baccy-pouch. . ." "What o' my caddy?"

"'Tis empty—but surely my pipe is disgraced!  
Come, now! Get ye off to the huxter in haste  
For a bit o' the twist, be it only a taste  
Of the weed that's my lonely diversion."

"And where could I get it if I didn't beg,  
Or sell the two hens laying now but one egg?  
For down at the shop I must pay on the peg  
With scores o' the chalk to be settled."

Then he: "Should I go to Kinvarra—or East  
To distant Tralee—for a fortnight at least,  
I'd raise a full pipe with a harvester's feast  
And a partner, forby, at the dancing."

"Ay, faith—as before! And 'tis quickly ye came  
Back home without shilling or smoke to your name;  
While the crooked old ribs in your carcass were lame  
As the legs of a goat in a spancel!"

"Then let it be so . . . but your tongue must behave  
Or I'll give ye the mark that ye'll wear in your grave!  
But sure, at the brawling, no wonder you're brave  
For the fashion grew old in your mother."

That night, by good fortune, he borrowed in town  
The guinea paid out to a Man o' the Gown  
Who swore in a snuffle, with craft in his frown:  
"'Tis a case that should go to the woolsack!"

But never a crack did he get at his clay  
Nor she at her brewing till both, the same day,  
Had fronted the wig of a Benchman whose say  
Put the pair on their civil behavior.

Cold are his pipe and her tea-kettle now,  
For neither raised puff or a sup from the row;  
But if they're apart, as the neighbors avow,  
I wonder what happened the childer.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

### Education

#### Foundations and the Catholic College

JAMES H. GRIFFIN, O.S.A.

THE cry of "Fire" resounded over a Catholic college campus as the Angelus tolled six o'clock on a Sunday night. Before firemen brought the flames under control damage totaled a million and a quarter dollars. The loss was a tremendous burden for a college which had not received a gift or bequest of more than \$5,000 in the preceding decade. In the emergency, the college appealed to the community's public-spirited citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic, for assistance. They responded generously but the amount was far from adequate.

The head of the college then looked over a list of the great philanthropic foundations to see which had demonstrated genuine interest in Catholic higher education. To his astonishment, he found that the foundations were ignoring the Catholic colleges and universities. This seemed unbelievable until he personally prepared an appeal to one of the rich educational foundations. In spite of the emergency, and regardless of the enviable record of the institution, the foundation refused to give a single penny. Fortunately the college numbered an influential banker among its friends. He endorsed a loan sufficiently large to enable the college to rebuild.

It has been two years since Villanova College was visited by the disastrous fire described above. In the meantime the college, from its campus near Philadelphia, has been watching the activities of the foundations. So far it has not seen a single foundation manifest interest in Catholic higher education. To Villanova, the tendency of foundations to ignore Catholic colleges and universities helps to explain why it is so much more difficult for Catholic higher education to get money, than for non-Catholic institutions.

Although complete figures for 1929 are not available, it can be stated conservatively that Catholic colleges and universities received less than three per cent of the total gifts and bequests to American higher education last year. This three per cent makes a poor showing alongside of the Catholic colleges' record of serving ten per cent of the total collegiate enrollment of the United States, and having a logical field of at least fifteen per cent. Francis M. Crowley, director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bureau of Education, reported that benefactions for all purposes for all Catholic colleges and universities in 1928 totaled \$3,163,315, an increase of \$897,715 over the total reported for 1927.

Take an optimistic view of the situation. Assume that Catholic college benefactions made another \$900,000 increase in 1929 over 1928. If this is true, Catholic colleges and universities were given approximately \$4,250,000 last year.

Let us look at the total gifts to American higher education in 1929. A survey by the John Price Jones Corporation of New York shows that 176 schools reported gifts of eighty million dollars. The same Corporation, whose reports on philanthropy appear in the "World

Almanac," estimates that the total gifts and bequests received by all American colleges and universities last year was \$172,000,000.

What a contrast that \$172,000,000 is with the 250 acres of land, a salt marsh and eight milk cows, the first educational endowment in America! Still more striking, what a discrepancy there is between the possible \$4,250,000 given to Catholic colleges and universities, and the \$167,750,000 estimated to have been received by the non-Catholic schools. It is a tribute to our Catholic educators that Catholic colleges and universities have been able to keep abreast with the times when their financial situation compares so unfavorably with the non-Catholic institution. Is this not a tribute to the gratuitous services of the priest teachers?

Catholics of the United States demonstrate their faith in Catholic schools and colleges by investing more than \$45,000,000 in complete education each year, in addition to the taxes paid for public schools. Although \$45,000,000 is a large sum it cannot be considered burdensome. It averages only two dollars for each member of the Church. The investment in higher education must be increased if Catholic education is to hold its place in competition with non-Catholic education. A survey of the 160 colleges and universities established by the Church shows that only three have endowments of more than two million dollars. They are Marquette with \$2,617,241, Creighton with \$2,317,488 and the Catholic University \$2,694,754. In contrast to these three well-endowed institutions, there are nearly a hundred non-Catholic colleges with endowments in excess of two million dollars each.

Catholic colleges and universities cannot be expected to develop and train the number of intellectual leaders which Catholicism in America needs today unless they obtain financial support proportionate to that given non-Catholic colleges. As an outstanding Catholic educator has written,

Our people are sadly in need of leaders. There are more intellectual leaders to be found among the three million Catholics in Ireland and even among the two million Catholics in England, than among the twenty odd million in the United States. We are in dire need of scientists, artists, builders, statesmen and scholars. Power, influence and prestige will inevitably follow the higher education of our Catholic people in larger numbers. A larger and more intelligent participation by them in public life will secure for Catholics the representation they deserve in the councils of state and nation.

The endowed Catholic college and university is in a favorable position to develop leaders in the same effective manner as non-Catholic endowed institutions. It is the college with limited financial support which is at a disadvantage. It is critically handicapped in obtaining the most capable lay professors, and in improving its educational program.

A challenge confronts Catholics in America. They need greater representation in the councils of State and nation, in science, in art and in education. Whether they obtain this greater recognition depends upon the support they give their own colleges to develop leaders. This support will not come from the foundations.

## Sociology

### Mothers' Day, May 11

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

MOTHERS' DAY can be traced back to an inspiration that is partly commercial and partly sentimental. Its original appeal was, chiefly, to the man of business who found that the celebration could be used to move his stock, and to persons who thought that the grandest hymn in the language began with the words, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" In view of these facts, or what I deem to be facts, Mothers' Day would not seem to have much to recommend it to Catholics.

But it is easy to make Mothers' Day a genuinely Catholic feast. I am not speaking, of course, in a liturgical sense, for the liturgy knows nothing of it, although this year there is a tender reference to motherhood in the Gospel of the Sunday. But in the mind of every Catholic, the very word "mother" is hallowed. It brings with it something of the joy of the sweet Maiden Mother at Bethlehem, something of the tender love of the Mother in the little home at Nazareth, something of the sorrow of the Mother who followed her Son to Calvary, and stood at the foot of the Cross whereon He was nailed for our sins.

Could we look into the hearts of our own mothers, whether they be still with us, or sheltered with God, we could read a like story of joy and sorrow . . . and because of us, more sorrow, perhaps, than joy. From childhood, our mothers told us of our Mother in Heaven, and as the years go on, bringing with them new understanding of the depths of that earthly and that heavenly love, our memory of our two mothers merges into one hallowed and purifying experience, a safeguard against a tainted world, and an inspiration to strive for the things that are of God. Gratitude and love are mingled to give us treasures that are our most prized possessions.

But the point need not be labored. To Catholics, motherhood has been sanctified by the Divine maternity of Mary, our heavenly Mother. The holy home at Nazareth, presented by the Church throughout the ages to the world, is the basis of civilization, and the teaching of the Church in this respect continually sustains homes which in their degree are other Nazareths. There is Joseph, the head of the house, the provider, ruling not through fear, but through love. There is Mary, the holiest of all God's creatures, busy with the toil of the household, finding new sanctification (O marvellous working of the Divine dispensation) in preparing the simple meals for Jesus and Joseph, in sweeping the floors, and making all bright and comfortable against the hour when Joseph, the man of the house, lays aside the labor of the plane and the saw, to seek his comfort with Jesus and Mary, under the great lamp that swung from the low-hung rafters. We should not think of that holy home as a place of dour silence and numbed repression. It was a sanctuary of happiness, in which all human joys had their sanctified expression.

In afterdays, when the Master called the little children



to Him, He turned upon them no forbidding countenance. In His Sacred Eyes they read friendliness and love, sympathy and understanding. Doubtless, they brought their toys to Him, as children do to older persons whom they love, to share in common a happiness which they appreciated. He did not preach to them, or reprehend them; indeed, as they with noise and clamor sought Him, it was the Apostles whom He reprehended, and it was to them He preached, bidding them take the simple and humble child as the type of those who march triumphantly into the Kingdom of God. . . . So too in that holy home at Nazareth there was sweetness and gentleness and love and happiness.

Our Blessed Lord grew as do other children; save for its sanctity, there was nothing there that one would not find in other homes at Nazareth, for the Divine Secret was not yet to be revealed. May we not say in all reverence that He had His childish joys and games, provided by the loving Heart of His Blessed Mother?

*Hadst Thou ever any toys  
Like us little girls and boys? . . . .  
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil  
Thy robes with playing on our soil? . . . .  
And did Thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed  
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?*

The heart of any mother can answer the poet's queries. For Mary was truly His Mother, and the Child at Nazareth was her dear, loving little Son.

Like the preacher who said, on St. Joseph's day, that since St. Joseph was a carpenter, and since confessionals were built by carpenters, he proposed to preach on the four things necessary for a good confession, I seem to have wandered far from any sociological implications which Mothers' Day may possess. Yet any man who has caught so much as a glimpse of the moral chaos that is the world today, puts bounds to his speech with difficulty, when he begins to talk of the value of good mothers to society. Good mothers mean good homes, and without good homes I see no hope for Church or State. Society can put up with much wickedness among men, but when evil infects womanhood and the home, destruction is on our heads.

Therefore, even as all genuine religion must come from God and flow through the holy home at Nazareth, so all helpful social planning must center upon the preservation of the home. It must denounce divorce, contraception, the withdrawal of women from the home to place them in shops and factories, all alleged legal equality which places woman in the hands of the exploiter, and every social and economic device, which tends to weaken the home. It must work for every plan, invoking when necessary the aid of the State, which enables men to marry, to create homes, to rear families, to lead normal lives as heads of the domestic unit—and to do this without depriving the home of the constant presence of the mother.

Therefore, again, should Catholics celebrate Mothers'

Day, using it as an occasion to preach Catholic doctrine on marriage, motherhood, and the home. In his article published last week, Dr. Coakley showed how the parish can make it a day of grace for every family. It is his experience, as it has been the experience of many pastors, that an appeal to the people will bring more men and women to the Holy Table than Easter Sunday, or the close of a heart-shaking mission. Dr. Coakley prefers to ask his people to come in family groups; others make their appeal chiefly to such groups as the Holy Name Society or the Sodality. Experience will show what form is best adapted, all circumstances considered, to a given parish.

In Mothers' Day our schools and colleges, as well as the parishes, have a rare opportunity. At the colleges for men, addresses on the social and religious implications of the home could be given, or lectures on those evils, already mentioned, which destroy the home. I have sometimes thought that our colleges and academies for women do not take into sufficient consideration the fact that very few of the pupils are destined by Almighty God for the Religious life, or for single blessedness in the world. The Divine vocation for eight out of ten girls is to take care of a home. No opportunity should be lost of impressing upon them the sacredness of this vocation, and the duty incumbent upon them of preparing for it. Some institutions for girls have a public novena every year before Mothers' Day, ending with Holy Communion offered for their mothers, living or dead. That, surely, is a beautiful custom, and one that can be introduced into any school without interfering with the routine, or placing a burden on any teacher. When the young people, reviving an old custom of ceremonial letters, write to their mothers about the novena, its virtue will be diffused like oil poured out. This practice is quite common in secondary schools. But why should it not be extended to the colleges?

May Mary and her Divine Son bless our Mothers' Day, and make it an occasion of grace for all our Catholic people.

### SPRING FANCY

For miles along the track there grew  
Millions of crocuses. Smoke blue  
And lavender they lifted up  
Pale chaliced gold in each small cup—  
Only along the railroad track.

You said: "The only virgin prairie left,  
That's why they grow no other place."

I did not answer, but I knew  
Why millions grew there with no other trace  
Of their small flames beyond the space  
Of cinders spread on either side.  
I knew how every train that sped  
Adown the rails on winter nights  
Strewed in the snow the seeds of flame,  
That when first spring came down the land  
They might be swift to pale flames fanned—  
A million flames of lavender,  
Burning above the cinders black—  
Flowers along the railroad track.

SISTER MARIELLA.

## With Scrip and Staff

THE greatest difficulty, said a veteran missionary, that the worker in the mission field has to overcome is the misunderstanding of the work among the folks at home. With the growth of modern missionary literature and the increasing publicity given to mission progress and mission needs such misunderstandings are now somewhat lessened. However, quite aplenty remain: and curiously enough they are most frequently concerning the missions nearest home. A letter from an experienced missionary among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota attacks the idea that Indian mission work is an easy proposition, and he singles out three points in particular. First that the United States Government takes care of the Indian schools:

It has not been a very long time since I heard a young missionary remark, as he was about to leave for foreign fields, "don't send your money to the Indian Missions. The Government takes care of them." I probably would never have thought of the remark again if this same criticism did not come up often among our friends. The Government does help our school. However, the amount they allow does not pay the bills for educating, clothing and feeding 360 Sioux Indian boys and girls here at Holy Rosary Mission. The Government does nothing for the missionaries and their twenty-two chapels. They must support themselves, buy oil and gas and autos, build and keep up chapels and pay their Catechists with what they beg. Our missionary activities in three counties must be supported by the charity of our friends.

Again, there is the theory that missionary life is a sort of perpetual picnic:

To those I would extend a pressing invitation to spend a few months of zero weather on this Sioux Indian Reservation. The missionary must remain among his people for sometime. He must do his own cooking. He must instruct the children of his districts. There are at least 600 Catholic children in Government Schools or in no schools at all. The priest must look up fallen away Catholics. He must visit and encourage those who seem to be straying and who fail to come to Mass, he must answer sick calls. These he must accept even if the thermometer is thirty below zero or when the trails are impassable on account of snow-drifts or mud. He takes his car as far as it will go. Then he must leave the car and continue his journey in a wagon, on horseback, or on foot to the almost inaccessible huts of his people to take the consolations of our Holy Religion to the poor dying Indians. He is the Good Shepherd and the Good Samaritan to the poor people entrusted to his spiritual care.

Finally, that the Indians are dying out and cannot be saved.

True, the Indian cannot be saved as a distinct race. He must inevitably become mingled with the whites. This is probably true of all Indian tribes. Still, as far as the Sioux are concerned, there are more of them now, counting the mixed-bloods, than there were twenty years ago. Even admitting their numbers are decreasing and that we are at the death bed of a dying race, have they not souls to be saved? During the last forty years on our Reservation thousands have been converted and died happy deaths, while about half the tribe now living is Catholic. This is due to the zealous work of the missionaries. This is, I take it, a record not to be despised, if, as we believe, the saving of one soul is worth going to the end of the earth.

Some of our readers may point to the nation-wide Negro and Indian collection. But the writer just mentioned notes that his quota from that collection amounts to exactly \$300.00 a year.

ANOTHER belief is that everywhere in every country the old religions are dying out. From the fact that so many in the Western countries are losing their hold on Christianity is argued that therefore all religious belief is decaying. Yet this is far from being the universal case. Father Pierre Charles, S.J., of the University of Louvain, in his summary of the missionary work of the Church for 1929, noted as the first of two great general trends in mission work the recrudescence, often strongly aggressive, of non-Christian religions:

Hinduism is conquering important sections of the Punjab. Siamese Buddhism, with powerful official assistance, is modernising itself, and though Caodism does not seem dangerous in its appearance in Indochina, Japanese Buddhism under the propaganda of Nichi Hongwanji is proving very active in the Pacific and throughout the whole Japanese diaspora, even gaining a few Americans. Islam is advancing in Africa. In the Vicariate of Tabora, Tanganyika, for instance, the blacks do not wish to remain pagans and discouraged by the prospect of long years of catechumenate preliminary to Baptism, pass in crowds to Islam. This creed likewise invades Senegambia and is achieving the conquest of Nigeria. On the other hand, neither in North Africa nor in Asia has it retrogressed, despite the laicisation of the Republic of Angora and the efforts of modernization in Islam's greatest university, that of El Azhar in Cairo.

The other notable trend was the methodical development of native clergy and of native congregations.

From Japan comes a witness to the growth to the recrudescence of Shinto as a sort of official patriotic religion which is apt to threaten the very existence of Catholic schools in that country. The writer is Father N. Walter, who signs himself as "the oldest American Catholic priest in the Far East (1887-1930) and for many years the only one." On October 2, 1929, the Japanese people celebrated the rebuilding of the Shinto Shrines of Ise, where the divine ancestors of the Imperial family are worshipped. An order was issued for all schools to make a profound bow to the distant shrine, thus worshipping the goddess of the temple. Father Walter writes:

The schools of the Brothers of Mary refused to comply with this order and gave the boys a holiday on October 2. In Tokio and Osaka things went on unnoticed at least for a time, but in Nagasaki we were greeted by quite a storm of indignation. First some of our pagan teachers began to talk, especially the military instructor who is imposed upon us by the Tokio War Department. Then the officers in town took up the hue and cry against the Kaisei. After them the old boys, or rather a group of them, protested and sought to remonstrate with the teachers. Then the present boys began to stir and threatened to go out on a regular strike, but threatened in return with merciless expulsion they did not dare budge. Even the Protestant ministers expressed their admiration for the energy with which our boys were handled these trying circumstances.

Finally, the hubbub was stilled by orders from the headquarters of the Educational Department in Tokio; normalcy was restored, but official interference is still feared.

Still less suspected by Western readers is the growth of Communism, which is rapidly spreading in spite of all the efforts made to stem it, according to Father Walter:

Marxian literature is by far the most read here; the books are found in the most remote mountain villages. Class warfare has been started between the poor workmen and the scandalous plutocrats who make shameless display of their dubiously gotten



riches, before the greedy eyes of pagan laborers and farmhands, who having no hope of heaven, are resolved to have their share of happiness in this world. To check the coming onslaught of Communism, Japan possesses only the brutal force of the police; she has no moral backbone in the shape of sound social ideas, or common-sense philosophy. Of course the religious barrier, the safeguard of Catholic countries, is out of the question, for the Japanese, though plunged in religious superstition, have no religious convictions and it is the conviction that counts here. Practically the only institution capable of stemming the onrushing tide is the Catholic Church.

The determination, however, of the Communists to destroy the ancient national religions of Japan may bring about that crisis without which the conversion of the Japanese people seems, humanly speaking, an impossibility.

THE Pilgrim is appealed to directly to remove one particularly annoying misconception, namely, that used stamps are of no value. John S. O'Connor, S.J., writes as follows:

Please let me state that in giving these facts I am not moved by some wild fancy of my own. I will quote two pioneer American missionaries in Patna at the very first to assure you of this. The first is the Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J., of Victoria Mission (when he wrote this). He says, "Please do not forget to send us all the cancelled stamps you can. Our stock is nearly exhausted. Stamps are just so many grains of gold and silver. Why throw them away when you can save souls with them? We sell them to collectors and decorators all over the world and thus secure *not a little* help for our mission." Thus speaks Father Kilian. The second missionary is the Rev. H. I. Westropp, S.J., a fellow laborer of Father Kilian in Patna and his successor at Our Lady of Victory Mission. He states that he has received twenty thousand (\$20,000) dollars for stamps during the past ten years. He bewails the fact that news items in our Catholic papers have greatly diminished his supply of stamps "from the States."

Specific directions are given, which can be carried out with only a minimum of effort:

Now for just a word about the three of us. The first two mentioned collect and *sell* the stamps here in this country. We collect the stamps and *send them to the missions*. In this way the stamps serve a two-fold end. They provide work for the old widows at the Mission and they bring in money for the support of the mission.

WHAT KIND OF STAMPS should be saved? I quote Father Kilian's words again,

"The best stamps are old issues, stamps of higher value (6 cents, 3 pence and upwards), Colonial stamps and stamps of small countries and islands and commemoratives."

A little help in this line may remove some misunderstandings missionaries may entertain concerning the folks back home.

THE PILGRIM.

#### PARTED

The days march by as slowly  
As weary-footed men  
Who carry packs and rifles  
And march not back again.

The days go by as sadly  
As soldier-lovers go  
Who march to bitter battles  
With lads they never know.

And strange it is I'm thinking  
That days should drag like this  
When brighter days were scarcely  
The measure of a kiss.

C. T. LANHAM.

#### Literature

### Humanism and Metaphysics

ROBERT A. PARSONS, S.J.

ACCORDING to the Humanists, there are three ways for a man to conduct himself through life: the way of Romanticism or the way of undisciplined individualism; the way of the Catholic or the way of authority in religion; the way of the Humanist or the way of "poised and proportionate living." I shall attempt to explain in this article the way of the Humanist.

Irving Babbitt in "The New Laokoon" views the romantic and naturalistic movement in art from without and shows the excesses to which Romanticism has brought the Western world. In "Rousseau and Romanticism," he traces the tendencies of the modern world from civilization to barbarism, and again makes Romanticism the *ignis fatuus* of humanity. "Democracy and Leadership," his last book, shows the effects of Romanticism on the political and social assumptions of modern times. Paul Elmer More, in his volumes on "The Greek Tradition," in his eleven volumes called "Shelburne Essays," and in his latest book called "The Demon of the Absolute," has approached the problem of Romanticism from various angles, diagnosed the ills of the modern world and offered something positive to the consideration of people who think their intelligence is capable of attaining truth.

Since Gorham B. Munson, in "Destinations," made definite overtures in 1928, in the name of the younger generation, to Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt, both of these gentlemen answered, the first with "The Demon of the Absolute," the second with an article in the February *Forum* called "What I Believe." Says Mr. More:

To Aristotle the distinctive mark of natural things was an inner purpose, or, as it is more technically termed, the working within them of a final cause; nature to him was characteristically teleological, the realm of ends. . . . But—and this is equally the differentiating mark of natural things—their end, whether in growth or in behavior, is unconscious or at the most merely instinctive. . . . they are driven by instincts which they do not consciously control. And there the kingdom of nature stops. Man in the Aristotelian scheme is both of nature and above nature; as an animal he belongs to the natural realm of unconscious ends, while as a human being he possesses in addition to his animal instincts the faculty of consciously directive purpose. Here in this faculty of conscious purpose, begins the field of conduct, of ethics and statecraft and religion, wherein a man makes *of himself* by free choice, under certain limitations, that which he will; and here lies the field of art, wherein a man makes *for himself* that which he will. The recognition of this dualism of the natural and the supernatural in man (or of a higher and lower nature, for the word "nature" is as unstable as the sea) is precisely the philosophy of humanism, as contrasted with the philosophy of naturalism which denies that the distinctive mark of man is a consciously directive will. And the history of European culture since the Renaissance turns on the varying fortune of these two hostile views.

Says Mr. Babbitt:

Rousseauist and Baconian, though often superficially at odds with one another, have cooperated in undermining, not merely religious tradition, but another tradition, which in the Occident goes back finally, not to Judea, but to ancient Greece. This older tradition may be defined as humanistic. The goal of the humanist is poised and proportionate living. This he hopes to

accomplish by observing the law of measure. Anyone who has bridged successfully the gap between this general precept and some specific emergency has to that extent achieved the fitting and the decorous. Decorum is supreme for the humanist even as humility takes precedence over all other virtues in the eyes of the Christian. Traditionally the idea of decorum has been associated, often with a considerable mixture of mere formalism, with the idea of the gentleman. Humanism and religion in their various forms have at times conflicted, but have more often been in alliance with one another. As Burke says in a well-known passage: "Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things that are connected with manners and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean the spirit of the gentleman and the spirit of religion."

All the Humanists believe in the freedom of the will. Since there is a constant warfare between the lower and the higher nature, Irving Babbitt says that there must be some "inner check" over the "instinct to sovereignty" or "the will to power." He admits that "mere reason cannot control selfish passion." And so he postulates "a moral sense, or will to serve, that can prevail over the will to power." He explains that, after the analytic judgment has sifted out the data of the imagination, if the "will to serve" dominates the "will to power," then man has humanistic control. This "moral sense" unfortunately, he calls the "moral imagination." Although Mr. Babbitt believes that "if one takes a sufficiently long-range view [of Protestantism] it appears largely as an incident in the rise of nationalism"; he states in the *Forum*: "At bottom the issue involved is that of individualism." An individualist is one who is guided by the "inner check," or as he says in another book, "it is the nice adjustment between the taking on of the inner control and the throwing off of outer control." The Catholic, he says, is governed by the "outer control" in matters religious, because he has submitted himself "to an authority that is anterior, superior and exterior to the individual." Out of the famous dilemma that Mr. Babbitt proposed to himself: the choice between ultramontane Catholicism and Bolshevism, Mr. Babbitt finds a third avenue of escape, the way of individualism, disciplined by the "will to serve."

If one wished to give a definition of Mr. Babbitt's Humanism one would say that the Humanist is an individualist who, throwing off the yoke of religious authority, but perceiving clearly the inner war between the higher and the lower parts of human nature, nevertheless by the inner light of his intellect and by the "inner moral sense" strives to achieve peace and happiness for himself by the exercise of the free will to refrain. Mr. More, I think, would admit most of that definition; he does not believe in an infallible church, but he says: "I hold that Aristotle's conception of the supernatural needs to be complemented and corrected by a deeper insight into the eternal verities of the spirit, but humanism we must recover if there is to be any rejuvenescence of literature."

Seward Collins, the editor of the *Bookman*, states that Mr. Babbitt's work "can be divided into four elements: (1) A negative attack on many important directions of

the modern mind; (2) a restatement of dogmas, doctrines and discoveries about human nature as developed in Christian, classical and Oriental cultures; (3) a plea for culture in the Matthew Arnold sense; (4) an exposition, as yet incomplete, of his own philosophy or religion, which seems to be a sort of reverent agnosticism." Mr. Collins admits that Mr. Babbitt has not finished with the third element, and has not written anything about the fourth. Mr. Babbitt himself believes that the first stage of Humanism should be "a Socratic definition," the second stage, "the working out, in short, in a literal sense of that unjustly discredited word, of a convention; the third stage would be to make 'this convention effective through education.'" Humanism is only emerging out of the first stage.

To my mind, the most interesting factor about Humanism is its method of attaining truth. This method is neither the method of the Scholastic philosophers, i.e., the method of Aristotle's "Logic"; nor is it the "scientific" method of all modern non-Catholic philosophers. The desire of mathematical certainty led Descartes away from the true concept of reality; the method of the eighteenth century scientists was adopted by Immanuel Kant and led him and his followers into various forms of idealism; the method of the Behaviorists, which is the method of physics, led them into crass materialism; the method of the mathematical Relativists like A. S. Eddington, Bertrand Russell, A. N. Whitehead, Professors Alexander and Bosanquet, led them into a mystical pantheism or into a futility of spirit. Evidently the Humanists believe that science and metaphysics are inseparable or that metaphysics is only a "bomination in a vacuum."

We read in an essay called "Renan Confidential," by Prosser Hall Frye, that Cardinal Newman, "a lover of mathematics," "had a fondness for abstract speculation, for air-tight ideal constructions impervious to external influence," and again, "indeed, of objective reality or actuality it is doubtful whether he had any distinct conception at all." Paul Elmer More tells us in "The Demon of the Absolute": "I should say that the only escape from our muddle is to overthrow this idol of Unity, this Demon of the Absolute, this abortion sprung from the union of science and metaphysics, and to submit ourselves to the stubborn and irreducible fact that a stone and a human soul cannot be brought under the same definition." All the Humanists are opposed to the influence of the so-called scientific liberator of modern thought, Francis Bacon. In fact, Irving Babbitt sums up the position of the Humanists in "Humanism and America" by stating "that in general the Humanist is chary of ultimates."

The method of the Humanists for attaining truth is an experimental critical method based on the fine arts and literature. Not one of the Humanists is a philosopher; not one of them, as yet, wishes to be. Most of them use the critical method of Matthew Arnold. This method is enunciated by Prosser Hall Frye in the book "Visions and Chimeras." "Whether it be society, politics, religion or poetry that he [Arnold] is discussing, his procedure is uniform—an application to the subject of those general



principles or ideas about life that he has formed by reading and reflexion." The Humanists believe that a body of literature, truthful about human nature, has come down from the earliest times from all civilized peoples. They believe in Tradition, not as a norm of literature, because that was the error of the pseudo-classicalists, but they believe in Tradition as an indicator only of what is true and false. If a book has stood the test of time, that is indicative to them that the book expresses something truthful about human nature. The objective norms that the Humanists use, are: (1) truth; (2) the universality of the work, which Aristotle described in his "Poetics"; (3) the quality which the book possesses of producing permanent pleasure; and (4) the fact that the book is illustrative of "the Divine control" that man possesses over his dual nature. Consequently the Humanists search the literatures that have weathered the centuries, they find the kernel of truth by reflection, and present these truths, not as philosophical principles, but as incontestable facts. Prosser Hall Frye writes:

As a matter of fact, whether the physical world around us is organized or not, whether or not it exists, so to speak, ready made, the moral world, at all events, the world of human nature does not. That world man must order if not create for himself. Other creatures submissively follow the law of their nature; man alone has an impulse leading him to set up some other law to control the bent of his nature. Our moral ideas, our principles of conduct, our sense of right and wrong, in a word our civilization has been the result of a long and slow process of discovery, to which every generation has contributed its quota. Gradually we come to see in what our best activity consists, we disentangle what is proper to man from what is proper to brute, we classify and distinguish, and so we grow slowly and falteringly to a consciousness of ourselves and our powers. It is all nebulous enough at best; but certain forms we see and prefer. Such is our culture in the sense of possession; it is a composition of many hands and many ages; and it depends mainly upon the continuity of our literary tradition.

Irving Babbitt advances free will as an incontestable fact, the denial of which "is only a metaphysical dream." He asks: "Why leave the affirmation of such a will to the pure traditionalist [i.e. the Scholastic philosopher]?" Why? Because the scholastic philosopher would carry free will into philosophy; and Mr. Babbitt does not want it there; he states it as a fact of his reading and reflection.

The Catholic critic agrees, from the standpoint of philosophy, with most of the assertions of the Humanists; but he is interested not so much in their expressed norms for finding truth as in their assumptions, whereby they are guided in their reading and reflection, in ascertaining what facts are to be selected and what facts are to be rejected. I am sure that to most of the Humanists it would come as a shock of surprise to know that the metaphysics of the Scholastics is based solidly on reality and that Aristotle's logical method, adopted by St. Thomas, leads one to "a poised and proportionate" way of living. If "the older generation" is to be preserved from an ultimate skepticism, which Heaven forbid, by refusing to philosophize, by being "chary of the ultimates," it must pass, however reluctantly, from the realm of literary criticism to the realm of metaphysics and philosophy. For Aristotle and Plato were Humanists, precisely because first they were philosophers.

## REVIEWS

**The Makers of the Unwritten Constitution.** By WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The written Constitution of the United States is a document that occupies five printed pages in the *World Almanac* and can be read in half an hour. The unwritten Constitution, made up of Federal and State enactments, judicial decisions, usages, doctrines, precedents, official opinions and points of view, could easily fill a million pages. Principles are found in the original eighty-nine sentences, but for governmental practice one must look to the statutes—and their judicial interpretation. Much of the strength with which Hamilton unavailingly sought to endow Congress in 1787 has been imparted by Marshall and his successors. Before Marshall, Alexander Hamilton took hold of the economic provisions of the Constitution, gave them reality, and made them function. He seized the right psychological moment to start Congress on its way to supremacy in the economic life of the nation. To Andrew Jackson we are indebted for having infused into the American political system a large part of the democracy which the framers of the original document did not intend it to possess. Finally, Woodrow Wilson demonstrated the latent powers of the chief executive and set presidential leadership upon a new plane. Professor Munro has singled out these four great personalities as pivotal in the development of the unwritten Constitution. No less than Washington, Madison, Franklin and Morris they are entitled to be known as Fathers of the Constitution in the broader sense of the term. Three landmarks of Hamiltonian policy stand out in bold relief after the lapse of 140 years. They are: first, the funding of the public debt; second, the establishment of the first United States Bank; and third, the inauguration of a protective tariff. John Marshall's achievement was the subordination of State sovereignty to nationalism. And the by-product of his work was the elevation of the Supreme Court to the status of a coordinate branch of the Government. Jackson's success at the polls was the triumph of the democratic principle, popular nominations, manhood suffrage, and rotation in office. Woodrow Wilson supplied the executive direction which sent one piece of legislation after another scurrying through House and Senate. The Income Tax Law of 1913, the Clayton Act, the Federal Trade Commission, the Overman Act, the Adamson Law, and the Federal Reserve Act all reflected the enhanced powers of the President. According to Professor Munro, the Wilsonian program exemplifies little short of "a miracle in legislative leadership." The reaction, as we know has been sharp in Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. Presidential aloofness is the vogue. In view of the recent Senate debate over the confirmation of Hughes and the right of judicial review, the study of constitutional issues is of increasing importance. Consequently Professor Munro's well-printed little volume is more than timely.

J. F. T.

**Hebrewisms of West Africa.** By JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J. New York: The Dial Press. \$7.50.

Father Williams spent five years as a member of the Jesuit Community ministering to the mission in Jamaica, W. I., much of the time in close contact with the simple blacks of the country districts, who are the descendants of the Negroes who were brought into the island as slaves, mainly from the African Gold Coast. During this time Father Williams was struck by the many Hebrewisms, real or apparent, that were current among these Negroes. This led him to make a research, extending over eleven years, and back to the Ashanti origin of these people to "establish the probability of historical contact between the parent-stock of the Ashanti and the ancient Hebrews." In this ethnological transit from the Nile to the Niger he has marshaled an amazing variety and amount of facts, cultural traits, and more or less cogent reasons, for the assumption that, while individually they might point to independent origin, collectively they postulate diffusion from a common center. The extent of this investigation has an indication in the list of the author's critical bibliography, which fills nearly fifty pages, and his reference notes are equally voluminous. He does not offer his most interesting book as a new explanation of the Diaspora, or a pretended effort to find the so-

called Lost Tribes. It won for him, from Boston College, his Alma Mater, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, in the citation for which the Rector of the College aptly supplied the conclusion to be drawn from the effort: "Father Williams has won distinction by his indefatigable labor and successful achievement in establishing the continuity of the Old Testament concept of the Supreme Being in its diffusion throughout the world and especially among the distinctively Negro tribes of Africa."

T. F. M.

**The Socialism of Our Times.** Edited by H. W. LAIDLER and NORMAN THOMAS. New York: Vanguard Press and League for Industrial Democracy.

This book is an inventory of current Socialistic thought. Now that Marxian theory and tactic are under fire all along the line it is but natural that leading Socialists should restate their views on the economic interpretation of history, the doctrine of class conflict and the labor theory of surplus value. Under the first head Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes is at pains to point out that Marxian economics and Marxian history do not stand or fall together but that "large-scale, sweeping generalizations must be abandoned in favor of a careful, factual study of the interaction of economic and other influences in each cultural area." Whereas class struggles crop out constantly in history, the theory of a simplified class struggle between Capitalist and Proletariat is, in the opinion of Mr. Wm. Leiserson, largely "speculation, conjecture and prophecy." The proletariat has not turned out to be the homogeneous class of laborers that was predicted. Succeeding censuses of occupations show an increasing proportion of workers in the minor managerial groups. This service, no doubt, absorbs large numbers of small business men, shop keepers and farmers who are crowded out of independent business enterprise. Others retire as investors, bond and stockholders and owners of tenant farms. Thus it often happens that managers are the employers, not the owners of capital. Since 1921, however, the bankers have assumed a greater measure of control over industrial enterprises and this concentration of financial control is apt to affect social stratification more seriously than industrial capitalism. Finally there is the question of "surplus value." By this term Marxians designate the excess of the value produced in an enterprise over the wages paid for the labor performed in producing it. This goes to the capitalists, and for no other reason than that they are capitalists—goes to them solely by reason of the fact that they own or control the means of production involved. Mr. N. I. Stone contends that Socialists themselves have to admit capital as a factor, if not the governing factor, in the determining of value and profit. These many modifications to which the *Communist Manifesto* has been subjected show that contemporary Socialism is alive to changing conditions and is as unlikely as Ramsay MacDonald to transform the existing social order overnight. Private property and collectivism are apparently reaching out to find some suitable *modus vivendi*. The "Socialism of Our Times" is a good summary of leading views and shows that Socialists are chiefly divided on the score of method.

J. F. T.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Amateur Thespians.**—A group of eleven plays, representing varied types, and recommended for presentation by amateurs, have been collected and edited by James P. Webber and Hanson H. Webster under the title "Typical Plays for Young People" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00). There are eight short plays, including "The Rehearsal," by Maurice Baring, "The Prince of Court Painters," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, and "The Copper Pot," by Frances Healey. The three longer plays are: "Sweethearts," by William S. Gilbert; "The Gibson Upright," by Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson; and "The Dragon," by Lady Gregory. The selections are well made and suited also to young people of a larger growth.

The fifth series of "One-Act Plays for Stage and Study" (French. \$3.00) contains twenty-one contemporary plays by American, English and Irish writers and published for the first time in book form. Elmer L. Rice opens the volume with a preface

and a one-act play called "A Diadem of Snow." The plays are varied and the authors are well recommended by their enthusiastic sponsor.

Richard Burton has issued a new edition of his popular manual on "How to See a Play" (Macmillan. \$2.00). The book has been brought up to date, chiefly by the addition of a chapter entitled "Later Developments," which outlines the more important happenings since the first appearance of this book in 1914.

In the One Hour Series, Barrett H. Clark contributes "An Hour of American Drama" (Lippincott. \$1.00). Mr. Clark, who has been connected with the theater both actively and as a critic, calls this book "an informal record of effort and achievement, a sort of retrospective diary." He writes about playwrights and their work and concludes that America has finally achieved an adult native drama which, however, can thrive only when those engaged in the business are content merely with fair returns on their investment.

The secrets of the art of "Make-Up" (French. \$1.50) are revealed by John F. Baird in a manual for the use of amateur and professional actors. This book will be welcomed chiefly in schools, colleges and little theaters where a knowledge of the art and craft of make-up will mean a great saving in time and expense and a help to a more successful performance. The explanations are brief and clear. The illustrations by Lee Mitchell elucidate the text.

**The Art of Reading.**—A fine example of how to play the "snob" in literature is taught by Robert E. Rogers in his amusing book on "The Fine Art of Reading" (Stratford. \$2.50). It is, indeed, amusing to find the great protagonist of Snobdom modestly avowing that he has written this comprehensive guide to reading while far removed "from libraries and men of learning." Yet Professor Rogers discourses with an attitude of cocksureness, which is most amusing when he is so often discovered in open contradictions, about the reader, the writer, the critic, and the material. Accustomed to talking-down to those hard-working adults who follow his extension courses, the Professor has learned one lesson well: that the easiest way of impressing a simple audience with one's own greatness is to criticize and condemn all other contenders for distinction. This hypercritical attitude, however, does not destroy the effect of many truths which the author has borrowed, but it is by the juxtaposition of these that the book, unwittingly perhaps, is made more interesting.

May Lamberton Becker, author of "Adventures in Reading," has written another splendid guide for readers in "Books as Windows" (Stokes. \$2.00). The novel is given major attention in discussions of "The American Scene," in translations of foreign works, and in "Social England Under the Forsytes." "Windows to the West" is a chapter surveying the recent efforts to popularize science. Miss Becker shares with the reader her unique advantage and experience as director of the reader's guide column in a magazine of literature.

A. R. Orage, in "The Art of Reading" (Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50), is not content with finding the man behind the work, but he is chiefly concerned with discovering, by the agency of style, the man within the work as well. Literature, he recalls, is a substitute for speech. "The transition from speaking to writing, from hearing to reading, demanded more than simply a script for the words; it demanded the addition to the verbal text of substitutes for all the rest of the living speaker's obvious properties, his gestures, his eyes, his movements, his whole personality." This, of course, is not marked with striking originality as a new theory; but Mr. Orage makes good use of this starting point in directing the understanding reader to the delights and profits of intelligent reading. This book will reveal new lights on literary style and practical methods of developing and improving one's own style. After giving a fanfare of definitions to clear the ground, the author discusses criticism, realism, romance, rationalism, the classics, and the moderns. The chapters are stimulating and thought-provoking. They cover a wide range and express no uncertain views. Many of the author's opinions will be found fearlessly opposed to some popular literary cults.



**Pillars of Destiny. It Walks by Night. Co-Stars. Stephen Escott. Cyrano. The White Panthers.**

Heavily veiled allusions to past tragedy and future political disturbances form the background of "Pillars of Destiny" (Compton. \$2.50), by Theodore Chopourian. The heroine, reasonably attractive in all other respects, is motivated in all her activity by a spirit of revenge that is without the slightest uplifting feature. Chapter seems to be pinned to chapter in a wild incoherence at the great expense of clarity and motion. A few characters are well done, but the English is so stilted and the action so clogged that the reader is left uninterested and uninspired.

A gruesome crime story, heavily saturated with drugs and sex, is related by John Dickson Carr in "It Walks by Night" (Harpers. \$2.00). In the atmosphere elected for the action, it is almost inevitable that murder should climax the horrible situation. A psychoanalyst might find some satisfying reflections in the history of this novel's leading characters, but a story lover can find little to praise. Of course, there is a difficult problem, but there is also a flawless detective, and the local Watson is kept conveniently undiscerning by a sordid romance that exhausts his mental energies and spoils the story.

"Co-Stars" (White Squaw Press. \$2.00), by Will W. Whalen, is a novel of the theater dedicated to "Ye Stagers" with the "enduring love and undying admiration to ye all" of the author. The book is copyrighted 1930. Though the text reads like fiction, the characters portrayed are most obviously taken from real life. Much of it is burlesque ribaldry—raw, rough, raucous and rowdy—but never for an instant salacious. The "stagers" show the utmost respect for the sacred institution of marriage. But to keep the living quarters of the temperamental Italian actress free from the contamination of Satan requires the vigorous efforts of the Irish boarding-house lady, with her holy-water bottle sprinkling with such effect that it simultaneously puts out the "Divil" and the light on the tip of the actress' cigarette. Mary Jack Boyle also prays for her lodger and bestows wholesome guidance and homely counsel upon her. This is a new type of novel. You learn while you are laughing.

If it were possible to prescind from the content of "Stephen Escott" (Harper. \$2.50) by Ludwig Lewisohn, a critic might possibly find matter for praise in its literary form. Conceivably, too, a psychoanalyst or a professor of abnormal psychology might find in it matter for study. But for the normal individual, this record of episodes in the life of Stephen and his friends, contains little to interest and much to disgust. The book is another tale of marriage gone wrong; of love debased to the level of animal instinct. One regrets the time wasted in reading it.

H. Bedford-Jones indicates in his preface to "Cyrano" (Putnam. \$2.00) that it is not intended to be an historical novel in the strict sense of the term. The author takes some freedom with seventeenth-century French history to bring into bold relief the character of the gallant poet, soldier and lover, Cyrano de Bergerac. Here his features are not so hideous as to screen the man from the first approach of love, as in Rostand's masterly play; nor is the drunken half-mad man of the last few chapters, the blustering noble soldier of the guards who sings and laughs and dreams in the French drama. Nevertheless here is portrayed the same noble Cyrano, employing his ready wit and ready sword to furnish a swiftly moving dramatic story.

"The White Panthers" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Dereck Vane, is the story of a criminal organization which rotted from within. Four men meet at Mr. Rochester's home on the seventh evening of every month, under the pretext of a quiet game of bridge, to pool their talents against society. Mr. Rochester himself is the leader. Dudley furthers their ends by his valuable social contacts, while Simon Morde contributes a perverted genius for invention. The other member, Barry Holford, in love with Mr. Rochester's daughter, furnishes the main plot, by trying to extricate himself from the evil web, in which he has unwittingly become entangled. He succeeds when Mr. Rochester discovers in Simon an old enemy on whom he wreaks cold-blooded vengeance. Revenge is the theme which labors through trite situations and dull dialogue to make an uninteresting story.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### "Anticlericalism in the United States"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

All the while I was reading Jerome D. Hannan's "Anticlericalism in the United States," in the issue of AMERICA for April 12, I was thinking to myself how nice it was for AMERICA to print such an article. So I may be pardoned for telling you that when I had finished it I found myself saying aloud: "It's about time, it's about time."

The fear that someone might be offended has kept Catholic publications from printing anything about the meddling in the affairs of pastors by Catholic men and women until many a worthy priest has been reduced to a cleric whose chief occupation in life is defending himself against the silly charges of busybodies. And that silence by our press has forced this writer, for one, to beg of his Catholic friends that they buy the copy of *Mercury* which carries the article "Lay Popes," written by an Episcopalian minister, and pass it about amongst their Catholic friends; a fine how-do-you-do to have to resort to for defense of the Catholic priesthood.

It is high time this silence should end. It has caused an enormous increase in the number of people who think that priests know very little about business affairs, architecture, church decorating or, for that matter, theology. As our people get wealth they are plainly losing sight of the fact that the priesthood is a holy thing, and woe to the priest who dares to put his own ideas into effect if the social powers in the parish disagree with him! Time was when priests in foreign-speaking parishes were handed over to the parish for martyrdom. Today it is the typical thriving American community that leads a priest a dog's life. Silence under the circumstances is cowardice. More power to AMERICA and Father Hannan!

LaGrange, Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS.

### "Freedom of the Catholic Novelist"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I enter the lists in behalf of the views already expressed by Father Connolly, S.J.?

Permit me to call attention to the fact that Father Connolly never professed a "subjective" norm as a guide for literature, as stated in a letter printed in AMERICA, April 5. He mentioned a "Catholic sense" in judging literature and spoke of it as "indefinable." There is a great difference between a thing that is indefinable and one that is merely subjective. Scientists have not as yet defined the nature of electricity, but they have no difficulty in admitting its objectivity. Most of Father Parsons' objections raised in a previous letter were the result of thinking that when Father Connolly said "un-Catholic," he meant "non-Catholic." Now he supposes Father Connolly means "subjective" when he says "indefinable"!

I must admit I do not see the conclusiveness of this sort of reasoning: "This 'Catholic sense' is different in different Catholic peoples, in different ages of time, in different places. Therefore this 'Catholic sense' is relative, not absolute; subjective, not objective; particular and not universal." As a parity I suggest this: Human intelligence is different in different human beings, in different ages of time and in different places. Therefore human intelligence is relative, not absolute; subjective, not objective; particular and not universal!

In answer to the direct questions asked in the letter to which I refer, let me say that the Wife of Bath is a vulgarian, the Pardoner is a religious imposter and the Monk is a Religious frankly untrue to his vocation. Such is the real nature of these characters, and Chaucer himself, clearly, is not in sympathy with them. Consequently there is nothing in his portrayal of them that should have jarred upon his Catholic sense. However, Chaucer

wrote some things that did jar upon his Catholic sense, and although there are persons who attribute this to the excusable "frankness of speech" characteristic of his age, Chaucer himself, later in life, spoke of them as "many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the whiche Christ for his grete mercy forgive me the synnes."

Obviously, in view of his theme, the "inner necessity" of which Aristotle speaks is explanation enough for the passages of Dante that deal with the portrayal of sin. However, in the portrayal of one particular sin, Dante has given us a supreme example of literary reticence that might well serve as a model for certain Catholic writers of today. I refer, of course, to the guilty love of Francesca and Paolo described in the *Inferno*, Canto V.

It is not true that the norm applied to Catholic art should, in its entirety, be applied to all art. There is in the art representative of every culture, an element peculiar to the ideal of that culture. In Greek art, for instance, there is the element of intellectual beauty. In Roman art there is the element of imperialism. In Catholic art there is the element of the supernatural as revealed by Christ and his Church. It were esthetically bad for a Greek writing for Greeks to introduce details that would jar upon the Greek sense of intellectual beauty. It were esthetically bad for a Roman writing for Romans to introduce details that would jar upon the Roman sense of imperialism. And it is bad art, esthetically bad, for a Catholic writing for Catholics, to introduce details that jar upon one's Catholic sense. The reason is clear. It is esthetically bad to introduce into any work of art any detail out of harmony with the ideal of the artist, as Horace shows so strikingly. The fact that a certain detail is out of harmony with that particular element of his ideal that is not shared by others does not excuse the artist from a fault against artistic unity. It is hardly necessary to add that besides the elements peculiar to their respective ideals there are in the artistic norms of Greek, Roman and Catholic alike, certain common elements that appeal to man as man. These elements alone must be universal.

Father Parsons speaks triumphantly of "the expurgated Latin and Greek classics" taught in Catholic schools. When the uncatholic details in certain of our recent Catholic novels have been similarly expunged, they, too, may then be placed in the hands of Catholics who find the unexpurgated texts reflective of a literary tradition that is Protestant and offensive to their Catholic sense. There are, evidently, Catholics who think differently in this matter. Well, as Blessed Thomas More said in regard to those prominent Catholics, lay and cleric, who signed the Acts of Succession and Supremacy which he refused to sign even at the risk of appearing to be more Catholic than the Church: "Their consciences will save them and mine will save me."

Boston.

PADRAIC HAYDEN.

#### Brothers-in-Law

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On two memorable occasions have the people of the United States been given the bow of Odysseus to bend. On the first trial the cord snapped, but not before giving us the Dred Scott case by which to remember the incident. The second test is still in progress, but the cord is slowly unraveling to the breaking point. Life sentence for violation of the Volstead Act will serve to remind us of this second experiment, when it too has failed.

There is a strange, almost ominous, analogy between the Fugitive Slave Law and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America. Both were the result of compromises, but the compromises were of different nature. The former was in itself a compromise or sop to the slave-holders. The latter was a gift from the Senate to certain moral blackmailers, given because certain of the Senators had themselves been compromised.

But these enactments are not similar only in their manner of inception. Their natures, the method in which enforcement was given to them, and their result are almost identical. Born of ignorance and poor jurisprudence, they are by nature unsuited to any people still guided by the natural moral law. Inherently weak

because nourished on fanatical ideas, each had to be incubated and kept alive by constant feeding—a process made possible by draining the resources and rights of the people. One died of starvation because the people refused to surrender any more of their rights to serve as its nutriment. The other is still with us, slowly eating into our national heart. It has lived so long only because fanatics seem to have more power now than they did in 1850.

These two laws are really brothers, but the present-day fanatics would not have us say so. As godfathers, they have a sentimental, if not a religious, interest in the living child. The dead one they disclaim; as is often the case with this kind of people. They try to hide the blood relationship because it would hurt their claims for this new offspring.

They are trying to urge the majority of the people to obey the Prohibition law "because it is the law of the land." They would not like it to be remembered that the majority of the people rightly broke the Fugitive Slave law when that was the law of the land.

They want the police and the judges to enforce the law strictly. They do not like to recall the words of Judge Davis who sentenced a woman under the Slave Law. He said, after resigning his office: "The law gives you your victim. Thank it, not me, and may God have mercy on your sinful souls!"

They would like to have us forget these things. They would like to have us forget them.

New York.

WARD CLARKE.

#### Persecution?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Hilaire Belloc startles the readers of "Survivals and New Arrivals" by this prophecy:

But if I am asked what sign we may look for, to show that the advance of the Faith is at hand, I would answer by a word that the modern world has forgotten. Persecution. When that shall once more be at work, it will be morning.

Must there be a persecution of the Catholic novelist as a sign of the advance of the literature of the Faith? The "liberals" among Catholic novelists and their opponents might not agree, however, upon the fact that should undergo purgation.

Under which school of thought would Dudley's "Masterful Monk" (a novel included in philosophy courses) be classified? The portrayal of the reality of modern temptations should please the sophisticates, while "neo-paganism" is refuted for the encouragement of the not-so-sophisticated.

An any rate, it is evident that no longer are the "children of truth speakers of a harsh and stammering tongue."

Montpelier, Vt.

R. H. B.

#### "Are They Catholics?"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for April 12 appears a letter of Louis Kenedy under the heading "Are they Catholics?" In it he details the quizzing of a girl who "used to be a Catholic," and the first question asked was "Do you believe the Pope cannot make a mistake?"—the inference to be drawn being that he so believes.

Briefly stated, the definition of Papal infallibility as I get it is that, speaking *ex cathedra* in matters of faith and morals, the Pope cannot err, and that such pronouncements are usually, if not always, in the form of dogmas rather than encyclicals, etc.

I may be wrong, but the truth is that the average layman, Catholic or non-Catholic, gets but a hazy idea of this and other definitions to be found in Catholic reference works. Mr. Kenedy leaves one to infer from his letter that the Pope upon assuming office is infused with a supernatural quality which renders him personally immune from any kind of error—at any rate many laymen have that idea.

The pardoning power of a Governor is a prerogative resting within the State and when the Governor leaves office he does not take this power with him. Infallibility rests within the Church and is in the custody of the Papal office, exercised by each Pope in succession.

New York.

J. D.

[Mr. Kenedy "spoke sarkastic."—Ed. AMERICA.]